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GATHERED HOME TO GOD

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

I sat in the lonesome twilight,
That wrapped the hills about,
And saw, in the blue above me,
The stars as they trembled out.
And I thought of my boys, and wondered,
As a mother might wonder,
If they thought of me in the twilight
In their camp on the tented hill.

I said to myself, "The darlings
Must think of me now, I know!
Perhaps they are sitting on picket,
And then I pitied them so!"
"Oh, wind of the South, can you tell me!
It may be they've been in a fight!"
And then I saw stars in the mothers' eyes
Hid the world and its stars from my sight.

And then, from the Hills of Heaven,
I heard a grand, sweet voice,
As soft as the winds of Eden,
And it said to me, "Rejoice!
For the boys you gave away to country
I have gathered home to me,
And here, in the peaceful country,
They wait to welcome thee!"

I knew there had been a battle,
And my boys were among the slain.
Oh, the beautiful boys that I loved so,
And my heart beat slow with pain:
But again I gave me from Heaven:
"Oh, mother, forget thy tears,
For there is no war nor parting
In Heaven's eternal years."

And then I rose up in the twilight,
And I lifted my soul to God,
And the land where my boys have been waiting
Till my earthly path was trod.
And I cried, "Oh, my boys, I will meet you
By and by, by the great white throne!"
And there I saw a place for me,
While I journey on alone.

The Red Cross:

OR.

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland

BY GRACE MORTIMER

CHAPTER I.

It was a brilliant morning in the early days of June that three gentlemen were driving in a smart little conveyance along the coast road of Somerset, where it skirts the Bristol Channel on the one hand, and the great Exmoor waste on the other.

This road was hewn out of the face of a cliff, and overhung the sea at a fiddy height; beneath, the yellow sand-bluffs, scantily clothed with sea-grass, spread in the sun; and over the beach, strewn with polished stones, the ocean stepped with white feet, softly, and sent up the sound of its gentle seething.

Running the eye along the irregular coast-line, it is arrested by a bold, rocky promontory running out into the sea, and crowned by an ancient castle, a mass of battlements, curtains, towers and bastions, and so swept by the harsh sea-winds that not a leaf clothes its crumbling walls.

Indeed, the whole scene was one of unparalleled bleakness and desolation, and, were it not for the few stunted blue-bells waving their slender stalks at the foot of the rough, low wall which guarded the roadway from the precipice, and the purplish tinge of the rocks, the scene might have been deemed fit to have believed the spot to be blasted by some great conflagration, or swept by some plague-wind, which forbade vegetation forever.

The other two gentlemen were the two solicitors who administered to the estates of the newly-deceased. They were both of the same age, and of the same education and heir: their names were, respectively, Mark Gayle and Caleb Gryppe. The first-named, Mark, was a tall, slender, and somewhat flashy person, not known on the London stage of life for anything but a swaggering manner, but to know what set off his handsome figure best; whereas Gryppe, his partner, was a shorter, stouter, and more reserved man, who possessed of such unexpected grace of manner that when he spoke, despite his personal ugliness, the words came from his mouth as if they were falling from under the breath of a magician, and when released from the spell declared himself more fascinated by the words of the other than by his own. In every, in some plausible Gayle.

Messrs. Gryppe and Gayle were solicitors in excellent standing in London, and had been the juniors of the much-respected house of "Orrington & Co." for the past quarter of a century. The head of the firm, Mr. Orrington, had died very recently, and his two survivors, in looking over his private affairs, had discovered that he held in trust the business management of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the three kingdoms, Baron Warren-Guilleford.

Surprised at the secrecy with which he had conducted the duties required of him by this distinguished client, they had naturally investigated the matter pretty sharply, and learned that the baron was an old man between seventy and eighty, a bachelor without a single surviving relative that he knew of, and that he lived in absolute solitude in his half-ruined castle by the sea, and had done so ever since the occurrence of the tragedy which had seriously affected his life some forty years previously.

"I had the story from an old man who lived in the village across the moor road, one of the old servants of the castle, who has lingered near his master for forty years," Mr. Gaylure says, slackening the reins as they begin to ascend the acclivity upon the top of which stands the castle; "perhaps the best preservation you could have for it—perhaps the best proof about you—that mysterious chamber, closed for these forty years, is the story of how I came to be so closed. At that time the baron was about your own age, sir. He had been a great trav-



Two human figures were visible through the obscurity. They were the lifeless bodies of Ermentrude of Rosendale and her nameless lover!

her and had spent very little time in his castle. However, that summer he arrived home from Germany, and announced to his man of business, our Berlin friend, Mr. Orrington, that he was about to marry a Berlin lady, and that he was to take her to reside in the castle in the most sumptuous manner. In due time his bride-elect, a young countess of extraordinary beauty and noble lineage, daughter of the archduke of Rosendale, arrived. On the day of her retinue, for it had been decided that they should be married there, for some reason of the lady's which she would not disclose, the countess, on the wedding the baron discovered that his bride-elect had eloped with a young German of her own age and rank, and that he was to be married to a woman whose sake she had evidently consented to leave her home to come to London, that he might gain a fortune, as it was impossible for her to meet him under the name of a countess, one of her friends in Berlin. Where the runaway pair went was never discovered. Indeed they have not been seen since. The baron, who was a very sensible man, rightly supposed that they embarked in some crazy fishing-boat from the coast, hoping to be picked up by some fisherman, and were lost. As for the baron, he returned to his castle, and with his servants, and has lived there ever since, absolutely alone. A fearful change came over him; he became morose and gloomy, and his manners and social disposition, seemed now possessed by a dumb devil. He would endure no intruder to enter his castle, and he would not even receive his friends without the consultations of religion to support him. He never ventured from his voluntary imprisonment except when he required the necessities of life, and he would not even permit his friends to be aware when they were speaking to the 'queer baron' as he was and yet is called in the country. Again, he would not permit any one to enter his castle, except to obtain his master's favorite valet, had desired to be his permission to live with him, but in vain; he always ordered him fiercely from his castle, and he never returned. He would not permit his death, the baron sent for him to come here and make his will, as he felt himself nearing his end. He refused to do so, and he never permitted any glimpses of the mysteries of the castle, as well as an interview with the eccentric proprietor. I found him almost helpless, attended however by his faithful valet, and he never permitted any one to be on the side of his dying master. It appears that he has followed his grim doctrines of self-mortification to the end, and he has never permitted any glimpse from a skeleton, has denied himself the dumbest necessities of life, slept on stones, and ate of bread and water. How he survived so long as a mystery. He was a man of a very strong state of mind; there was not the smallest shadow of aberration or imbecility, but if ever a man died of his own free will, it was he. He never permitted I drew out his will in your favor, my lord; he directed me to look for you in Berlin, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Wotton, the lady who had charge of your infancy; you were to be married to the daughter of Warren-Gulderland to your own, and he formally adopted you as his son and heir, so that you were to be the heiress of the castle. He has explained that a certain apartment in the castle was named the 'white chamber,' which he had fitted up for you, and that he had been locked by him the day he came home without you, and that he had four hours was to open it. Why he chose you, a stranger, whose veins run not a drop of his blood runs, to be the heiress of his castle, he never permitted any one to reveal. Yesterday he died, and he left me here; we welcome to your own baron. He left you no more words. Mr. Gaylure drove me out to the coast, and the countess, who was the

draw up. The new baron said never a word. He was a young beggar from a studies which his soul loved, and to take possession of a title, he had chosen the title of a man of whose existence he was ignorant until the lawyer's letter had enlightened him. He had remained a bachelor all his life, partly through the self-abandonment of abstruse study, partly that, as a student, he had been the only man of his country who did not happen to be of that type. He followed his interest; he had few friends, one or two connected with noble rank who would have deemed it a high honor to have him as a friend. He was not a great man—judge then whether this was the man to be overwhelmed by the unexpected favors which fortune had showered upon him.

As he stood in the weedy courtyard, his two men of business deferentially silent beside him, and recasting the long weather-beaten towers of the ancient castle, the long narrow streets of the town, the moss-covered carvings, his thoughts were far busier with the exact style of the architecture of the castle, than with the question of the title which his lawyers, unable to comprehend such indifference to the main chance, exchanged a significant glance at each other, and, addressing a sharp client who would look well after his rights.

It was a dreary welcome surely!

It was waste of weedy yard, choked with huge dock-leaves, a few straggling trees, a low and rusty old well, a moss-marred stone fountain in the midst, half-smothered in fallen leaves from the clump of ivy which grew round the foot of the cliff. The man bent almost double, tottering on his legs, and from the great open double, which seemed to yawn darkly like the mouth of a sepulcher for its dead; he saw the white sea-gulls and the funereal swallows which rose heavily in the air uttering hoarse cries, and heard again, ominously croaking their dissatisfaction.

"This be our new baron; welcome home, my lord," said the old man, lifting his rusty velvet cap from half a yard above the foot of the cliff.

"And you, I suppose, are Norris, the old baron's faithful servant?" replied Berthold, in his curt, German manner, bumping the old man through an arched doorway.

His late lordship is properly laid out, I hope," said Mr. Gayleux, in accents decently subdued.

"Tea?" asked the old man, holding a tin with a silver lid he waved his new master to enter the castle, and followed, his streaming eyes downcast at the feet of his late lordship, Berthold, and his attendant the black oak stairway.

Norris silently led the way through the long, dim hall, and the armor stood along the walls in the same-drawn order, like sentinels, to the door of the chamber.

"He lies here," said the old servant, noiselessly pointing the way to the door.

With a light, quick step, the scientist passed into the death-chamber, the two lawyers pausing on the threshold and covering their faces respectfully.

It was a large and lofty room, the walls were oak-paneled, and the floor was of polished oak, also, bare and cold. Every article of luxury, even the most trifling, had been removed. The "quaker baron," as the flowing draperies torn from the long mullioned windows, the ancient Gobelin tapestries on the gloomy walls, the magnificent old rug, the cushions, the cushions wrought with gold, and the bare boards of the mortal remains of the late possessor of

Baron Berthold—the name by which his solicitors feebly strove to familiarize him to his new station with—was disquieted by the appearance of his past—Baron Berthold bent over the dead, contemplating with grave interest the features of the stranger who had made him his heir.

The old baron was a man of magnificent stature and noble appearance; he was now attenuated, wrinkled, bleached and blighted—a being—as it were—the very reverse of the young man, whose straggling locks down to his shoulders, white hair, snow, and his beard, bleached to silvery purity, brought to Berthold a mind the vision of the Accursed Jew, that to wander through the world till the day of doom because he had laughed at the Christ on the way to Calvary.

"What," mused the new baron, "has this man done? The superstitious would say some crime had stained the bloodless fingers. None could disengage the past from me and handed it to Berthold. It was addressed:

HERMAN BERTHOLD, OF BERLIN."

"He opened it, and read:

"I am not, I never shall be, I learned of your existence only a month ago, and passing all those who may be alive to claim relationship with me, I name you as my adopted son, my heir, the only man named in the will."

"I go alone to the 'white chamber,' and learn the truth; your parentage, the secret of the curse which has befallen me and this corridor."

JOHN, BARON WARREN-GUILDERLAND."

Quietly the heir followed the aged servant from the death-chamber, through long, tortuous corridors, and at last entered a room, an unexpected place, to a small Gothic door in a lonely corner of the passage, beside which a silver lamp burned in a niche.

"What did it and its 'flame of memory,'" whispered Norris; "it has burned for forty years." He produced a great key and unlocked the door. A curious light shone from the opening, and the curtain hung stained and mildewed past recognition.

Baron Berthold glanced around; Norris was at his back, peering in with breathless curiosity; the aged servant stood near the door, his cold, silent suspense. He quietly waved all to retire, and got not till the last echo of their footsteps had died away.

All was dark as the tomb within.

He went back and took the lamp from its niche, opened the key of the door to its inside, locked it, and the feeble rays entered the chamber.

The feeble rays showed him a spacious apartment; its walls were hung with an arras of white velvet, fringed with silver, a Persian rug of a most exquisite design and colors, was spread upon the center of the floor, and around its margin were piled cushions of the most comfortable stuff of time and decay, the rich inlaid of dark foreign woods; chairs of massive square design and Moorish low divans heaped with silk and velvet cushions, and a number of lamps of the lightest and most

wall on silver scones, the perfumed oil with which they had been fed still diffusing a faint, breathless odor.

At the remotest end of the vast chamber the baron distinguished a silken screen drawn across a corner.

He walked toward it.

His footfall could not be heard upon the thick rug; his flickering light scarcely pierced the gloom that sat on the ceiling; and, gentle though it was, raised a faint, dusty rustle from the floor, seats, and arras. When near the screen he paused, as if some magnetic presence had barred his way.

A moment afterward a scornful smile lit up his grave blue eyes; he placed the lamp upon the marble top of a side console, and five which stood before the screen, and retracing its steps, he undid the heavy fastenings of the oak shutters, intending to throw up the sash and admit the wholesome light and air.

He was met by a brick wall!

He recoiled, and his fingers came again the same grim barricade met him, but with an added terror he could not but see that some hand had attempted to scratch away the mortar and loosen the bricks: the top of the wall was crumbling in twisted hangings—and, stranger of all, the twisted and rotten remnant of a woman's jeweled armor for which their lips among them all proclaimed with sinister significance a struggle fierce but futile.

The new baron made the tour of all the windows, distrustful of any one who might be tampering with falsifying steps; and all were alike bricked up, and then, as he turned to the door, a woman, pale and horror-stricken cry escaped him; he stood motionless, and a pale ray of his little light revealing the unearthly hair that lay among them all proclaimed strange and unchangeable countenance. But it proved well that the strength and fortitude of the man, that he did not drop the lamp and fall in a swoon at that ghastly sight!

He turned to the door, and the door was closed, the security. One—arrayed in woman's garments—lay upon a low Persian sofa of white satin framed in a dark wood of the sycamore, and other seemed to kneel on the carpet he held aloft; and others, whose head resting on the cushion which supported hers.

He was of the fashion of forty years ago;—their bones were fleshless—their aurod was the light dust of the passing years: they were the skeletons of *Ermenstadt* of *Rosendade* and her nameless lover!

CHAPTER II.

THE BARON'S CRIME AND THE ACCUSED COIN.

HERMAN BERTHOLOF had passed rather a peculiar life;—his way, perhaps, no man one takes into consideration the attendant circumstances.

From his earliest consciousness he had been, as we were, independent of the world; the only guardian of his person, his property, and his interests, was the nurse, the governess and confidante in the family of the Grand Duke of *Rosendade*. She had deeded him to the world, and he had been himself until he had passed his infancy, and had been admitted at the fust academies of his favored land; but one thing she denied him, the knowledge of his parents, and of his own name, and of the connection of her secret; it had been bequeathed to her by one whom she even yet hoped to see return to claim the inheritance of his name, and the proudest families in *Berlin* made no secret of the connection.

CHAPTER II.

THE BARON CRIME AND THE ACCUSED COIN.

HERMAN BERTHOLO had passed rather a peculiar life—that is to say, peculiar when one takes into consideration the attendant circumstances.

From his earliest consciousness he had been, as a child, under the influence of a woman who, it was known was an aged German lady who had once been the governess and confidante in the family of Grand Duke de Rosendane. She had devoted her entire life to a boy, and she had remained until he had passed his infancy, and had then placed him at the finest academies of his favored land; but she never forgot her duty to her charge, the orphan prince. "That," said the staunch old woman, "was my secret; it had been bequeathed to her by me whom she even yet hoped to see return to claim her inheritance." The Baroness was one of the proudest families in Berlin made no secret of their lineage.

young lady, who had been prepared by a lie, thought all was as it should be; the conspiracy worked as was expected; the victim was secured, and Margaret, staring wildly at the man beside her, was told that she was his beautiful wife, and that he was taking her to the dock, where a small-boat lay in waiting to take them out to the vessel which sailed at midnight for his home in South America.

In vain she appealed to the coachman; he had been bribed; she was indeed lost; only death could rescue her now.

The senior lowered his bride into the arms of the two sailors who waited, bidding them hold her until he stepped into the boat. The desperate young creature, resolved on death rather than the detested fate in store for her, purposely set her foot on the edge of the small-boat and upset it, throwing herself and the men into the ice-cold water.

In the darkness and cold they failed to rescue her, and she went drifting with the tide—down into oblivion.

CHAPTER IX.

"A TERRIBLE accident has happened. Say nothing to anybody but come quickly! I am half mad!"

LOPEZ, of the *St. Nicholas*.
Branthope, receiving this note, hurries to his co-conspirator and hears the news. He is struck with remorse, but is cautious and wily enough to have it go forth to the world that his cousin's elopement was of her own choice. Much sympathy is felt for the rich gentleman whose young wife has been the victim of so terrible an accident. Senior Martinique offered large sums for the recovery of her body, and waited several days in the hope of securing it. On the seventh day a mutilated body was found, and identified by both the husband and cousin as Margaret's. After attending to its burial, the senior sailed for South America. Branthope went home to break the news to his uncle, who died under the shock, and his property, though willed to Margaret, reverted to Branthope as the nearest relative after her death.

By a career of luxury he now sought to dissipate remorse.

CHAPTER X.

THE wife of the captain of a canal-boat, laid up for the winter close to a harbor dock, had a baby sick in the night, which was attended by a fall against the cabin door. She opened it to find the drenched figure of a woman, apparently nearly frozen to death. The insensible stranger was taken in and revived.

There was evidently a deep mystery about her; but the humble captain and his good wife did not allow this to interfere with their kindness. The young lady was ill for some time. After they had won her confidence, she told them her history, which they promised to keep a secret. She begged their protection for the present, remaining in the little crowded cabin of the boat and sharing their strange, rough life with her new friends. Margaret, the betrayed bride, was lost but had not perished.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET remains in the canal-boat all winter. She does embroidery, which the captain's wife sells for her to the fancy-stores, until, time giving her comfort, she ventures out to the shore out at dusk to dispose of her work. In one of these excursions she is met and recognized by the brutal driver of the carriage which conveyed the senior and his bride from the church to the dock. He speaks to her, threatens her and dogs her to her retreat. *She now becomes The Hunted Bride!*

CHAPTER XII.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.
ONE bright day, about the first of March, as Mr. Branthope Maxwell loitered on the steps of the Astor House, whither he had gone, from his office in Park Row, to take his daily lunch, a rough-looking fellow nudged him, and as he turned angrily to inquire into the cause of the freedom, whined at him and said:

"I was told you would be willin' to tip a five to git hold of this," and he held up a piece of brown paper, folded like a letter, and inscribed in a most original hand, to J. B. Maxwell, Esq.

"If Branthope had kept a perfectly clear conscience, he doubtless would have turned on his heel and left the fellow; but never, since that dark night on which he had committed himself to a wicked fraud upon his confiding and helpless cousin, had he been quite at ease. He was sure that she rested where her fading lips would tell no tales, yet he started, often, with a sense of insecurity, as if she were behind him, and about to upbraid him with his falsehood. Now, he saw no possible connection between this ill-looking fellow, holding the yellow scrap, and that event which had culminated so tragically, yet he thought of Margaret—still more, perhaps, of Senior Martinique, and he paused to hear what communication the man might have to make.

"A friend of mine, Gus Nichols by name, sent it. Fact is, to mention his present address, it's Blackwell's Island, where chance ain't easy to maintain; but as I was goin' out as he was comin' in, he slipped me this, at dinner, and told me you'd willin'ly tip me a five to deliver it safely to you, sir."

"I don't know any Gus Nichols, and have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with any of the visitors at the Island, that I am aware of," said Branthope, with ironical politeness; but even while he was speaking, there was an unpleasant sensation in his throat, and his pulse quickened.

"Praps I'd better advertise in the papers," remarked the other, shrilly, turning away with the message in his hand.

"Stop!" said Branthope, flushing. "I will read the communication, whatever it is, and if it is worth the sum you charge for delivering it, I will pay you the five dollars."

Taking the letter and turning into the hall, to escape notice, he unfolded the crude missive, trembling with excitement.

Written, as it was, with a pencil, on dark paper, he had difficulty in deciphering the brief note, which ran thus:

"Mr. Maxwell,
"Sit—I drop the bride on a groom to the bote that night. As I felt real sorry to hear of her being drowned, which I nu was soolside, you may gess I was relieved to meet her, alive an well, an haan as ever, not ten days ago, in a certain part of the city. I shoed a writ to the Senior, but, unfortunately, I was sent out to bord chepe about that time an if you see up to avoid a ruinous collision—but there was the obstacle—how to get it out of his path, was the question. Good heavens! if Margaret was alive and in the city, he was penniless. His uncle's will bequeathed every dollar to her; and the agreement he had entered into with Senior Martinique to abandon that fortune to him, with the supposition that his uncle would alter his will after the apparent desertion of his adopted daughter, would, of course, avail him nothing. Not only was he penniless, but in danger of blasting exposures from his cousin's lips. The senior was far away; it would take time to communicate with him. Branthope knew, although poor Margaret was too timid and inexperienced to act upon it, that she could appeal to the law for protection from so fraudulent a transaction as her marriage.

Any court would give her a legal release. The whole success of the plot against her, as devised by himself and Martinique, depended upon her being taken immediately to a foreign country, where she would have no courage to, nor means of appeal, or where, as the wife of the latter, compelled to live with him, she would learn, by degrees, to be reconciled to her husband. This had been the plan upon which they had so boldly acted.

We will not say that, for a few moments, the young man had not felt relief and pleasure at the announcement that his cousin lived; for her death had weighed as heavily upon his conscience as anything could on that mercenary and selfish temperament of his—a temperament so fond of ease and pleasure as to get rid of remorse as soon as might be, as a companion too gloomy for the society in which it found itself.

He had felt some thrill of joy in the midst of his trepidation—but now, as he thought upon the results, all that was lost in vexation and dread of the consequences. To think how many moments he had had on her account! the crape on his hat, worn as much for her as for his uncle of the tear he had wasted on her supposed grave that day of the lonely burial! truly, it was annoying to have the dead coming back in this style. While, as for allowing a young gentleman to suppose himself heir to a handsome estate, and to regulate his expenses and expectations accordingly, and then come back and snatch it from him, leaving him dependent on his own exertions, was it not simply unbearable? He had no intention of bearing such a catastrophe if he could avert it; his present great uneasiness was caused by the fear that steps might already have been taken by Margaret to render futile any efforts of his own.

Mr. Maxwell was engaged to attend that evening a party at the house of a banker, who had a baby sick in the night, which was attended by a fall against the cabin door. She opened it to find the drenched figure of a woman, apparently nearly frozen to death. The insensible stranger was taken in and revived.

There was evidently a deep mystery about her; but the humble captain and his good wife did not allow this to interfere with their kindness. The young lady was ill for some time. After they had won her confidence, she told them her history, which they promised to keep a secret. She begged their protection for the present, remaining in the little crowded cabin of the boat and sharing their strange, rough life with her new friends. Margaret, the betrayed bride, was lost but had not perished.

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suppose not. Hain't been out in the open air as much as I have. Wal, Sally, we'll let Lucille take a little promenade on deck while we bunk, then."

Lucille! Lucille was not Margaret! He had little time to hope, fear, or consider. The baby was tucked in its cradle, the boy in the lower berth, the motion of the needle and thread was suspended; the unseen woman who had plied it was rising and laying aside her work to come outside for a few moments while the gentleman of the house retired. To such humble devices to preserve her delicacy, Margaret had come—it was both sad and ludicrous. He came very near bursting into nervous paroxysms of laughter; but he controlled himself in time, thanking his stars that they were clouded, as he stopped behind a barrel of garbage which had stood by his side, and some one opened the cabin-door and closed it again. Lucille, of course—they had called her so.

The woman, whoever she was, began to walk slowly back and forth along the deck. It was very dark, but she, doubtless, was well accustomed to this evening promenade. Branthope, peering from behind the barrel, could scarcely make out the outline of the figure, but he was able to decide that it was tall and slender—her form, her gliding, graceful walk. Never before in his life had he experienced such a fullness of conflicting emotions, crowding his breast to suffocation, as while crouching there, watching the silent shape pass to and fro, all unconscious of his proximity. The ghost of murder which had haunted him passed away; but in its place reappeared the knowledge of the danger which hung over his own hopes. The relief of finding Margaret alive was certainly great; the dread of losing the fortune which he had usurped was greater. A more hardened wrong-doer might have thought of putting her out of the way, even yet. But Branthope was not such a man. He was mean enough and selfish enough to keep what he had, if possible, no matter what the consequences of want or poverty to his cousin. Presently she stopped quite near him, lifted her face to the starless heavens, and sighed:

"What a life for me to lead!" she murmured—her voice.

With the courage of a coward, Branthope took a sudden resolution. "Margaret!" he whispered, rising and laying his hand on her arm. It must be that she recognized that soft whisper, which once had such power to move her, for she did not start, although she started, and, shaking off his touch, turned upon him quickly. It was too dark for him to read the expression of scorn, if not hatred, on her face.

"Am alone. Don't be afraid," he continued, soothingly. "My dear cousin, you can't tell how glad I am to know that you are alive—that you did not—escaped drowning," stammered a little over the unpleasant subject.

"Leave me, sir! don't touch me—don't speak to me! It is just like you, Branthope Maxwell, to be playing the spy. What other meanness will you come next?" speaking fiercely, but in repressed tones, which did not reach the inmates of the cabin.

"Listen to me just a moment, Margaret. I must explain my part in that trick we played you. Indeed, I never dreamed you would take it so seriously. I did it half out of pity for poor Martinique, and half out of curiosity. It was a pity there had not been a good light on Margaret's face that the speaker might have had the benefit of his expression at that instant. 'It is true that I expected to supplant you in Uncle Peter's favor, and to obtain the whole of a fortune which would amount to nothing worth having, for either of us, being halved; but I knew, at the same time, that you were becoming partner in greater wealth—that you received ten times what I took away from you. I was in debt, harassed, desperate! Martinique made the proposition, and was forced to consent, for I owed him a great deal of money. He swore to always be kind to you, and to surround you with luxuries. I did not dream that you would be so—subordinate about it. If I had realized, as I did after your rash act, how much you loved me, dear cousin, I would not have—"

"You are harsh, Mrs. Martinique." (He used the term purposely, and if there had been light he would have seen that it told, in the sudden flash of her attitude.) "If you desire it to be open war, let it be open war. That suits me as well."

"And me much better. I can believe in your animity, but not in your friendship."

"Well, then, what steps do you propose to take to recover the Maxwell estates, at present in my possession?"

"I will abandon them to you, for a consideration."

"What?" he eagerly asked.

"That you take it upon yourself to see that Mr. Martinique never becomes aware of my estate. That you not only do not betray the fact of my being rescued to him, but that you take every means to prevent his discovering it. That, should he ever return to New York, you immediately give me warning, that I may take care to keep out of his way. That you take care of the hack-driver who has been hired to take you, so that his mouth is stopped, and guarding against his communicating with Mr. Martinique. Upon your taking an oath to do this, I am ready to promise to change my name, conceal my identity, and never to unpleasantly remind you of my rights."

"The little fool," thought the young lawyer to himself, "she is easier managed than I thought. Evidently her great dislike of that man overbears every other consideration. She does not know that she has only openly to complain against us, and avow the fraud, to be able to protect herself. Fear has dulled my cousin's usually keen perceptions. Very well—nothing under the circumstances, could suit me better."

Aloud, he said, "But what will you do, cousin? You have no means. Why do you persist in refusing wealth and protection, if not romantic happiness?"

"Leave the choice with me. I shall never live with that man as his wife. You ought to know that by this time. All I ask is peace. Do not persecute me. Let me alone. I can earn a living, I dare say."

"Yes, but such a life for a lady like you, Margaret?"

"If I had the wealth of a Rothschild I could not enjoy it now. What is life for me, under any aspect, but endurance?"

There was a sad, almost wild dreariness and hopelessness in her voice, which touched him deeply, alarmed as he was for his own welfare.

"When I have a home of my own, Margaret, which I expect to have before many months, why not share it with us? There are few or none in the city who will recognize you, and I can better protect you from the claims of your husband. This he said, because he could not say less, but he felt relieved at her peremptory answer, albeit it was not flattering.

"You are incapable of insult, Branthope, for you do not know when you are guilty of it—but don't make me too angry. Take the Maxwell estate, name, power, and honor—I give it to you—I am done with it. But I warn you, if you allow that man to reach me, something more desperate will occur than has yet happened—and I shall have my affairs in such shape that the story will not fail to reach the world. I threaten you with exposure and blame as usual. I know you will hold me in check. Now go your way—I will go mine. When we meet by chance it will be as strangers. If there comes an absolute necessity for your communicating with me, my name will be Lucille Meriden. When

that fellow comes out of prison, silence him as you best know how."

"But, money—you are in want of some money, Mar-Lucille!"

"No aims from you, sir. If I should be obliged to call upon you as my banker, you will, doubtless, honor my drafts. Any sum necessary to quiet that hack-driver you must furnish. That is in the contract. And now take care, or I shall name your conditions of his remaining in possession of the estate, and he swore to fulfill them."

"The best way to silence Gus Nichols will be to convince him that he was mistaken in the lady, continued Branthope, as Lucille turned to go in. "At all events, I don't believe he can obtain Martinique's address. On the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, he will be satisfied with plucking me. I shall be sharp enough to manage him. But, Lucille, I would advise you to change your residence before he is loose again. He will prowls about here, of course. Why not go to some other city?"

"Perhaps I shall. One thing is certain—the Sally Ann will not be here in April. As soon as the ice breaks up she is off."

"Shall I come to see you again?"

"No."

"Well—good-night."

"Good-evening, sir."

Branthope felt very small and mean as he turned away from the motionless figure, so slender, yet so full of power, which, even through the dim night, made its majesty felt.

"Deuced fine girl! got the Branthope pride! expect I ought to have married her," he soliloquized, as he gotting clear of the boat, and the lumber-yard, he walked rapidly away.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
Merrily wing you away
O'er the breadth of the valley to find
One little porch where the roses are twined,
Where you love to linger and play,
While somebody peeps through the door to see
If some lady elude the gate may be,
Ah, wind, wandering wind,
Nobdody, surely, can call you blind!

Wind, wind, is it not fair,
And bright in its innocent glee,
That little coy face with its witchery rare,
And brown wavy tresses of loose-blowing hair,
And eyes as blue as may be?
Ah, you may love it, and kiss it, and pause
To gloat on its exquisite beauty, because
I am not at all a rival of yours.
Though you are a sort of a rival, I find
For she loves the caress of the soft-breathing wind.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
How often I sigh for your wings,
That never a fetter may trammel or bind!
You can reach her so quickly, and leave me behind.
Among work-worn places and things,
But now that the toll of the day is all done,
I may haste to my love with the fall of the sun,
When only the nightingale sings.
Then, with full speed to my darling, and
To say I am following, wandering wind!

The Silver Lining.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"EVERY cloud has its silver lining." But it seemed to Helen Livingstone that there could be none to her sorrow-cloud, it was so dark and heavy.

And yet her home was a most luxurious mansion, she had everything money could buy, she was yet young, and very beautiful. But there is one sorrow which cannot avert—death. Two years ago her husband, proud, noble-hearted Edward Livingstone, died. That almost crushed her, but she bore up for the sake of his son—her bright-eyed, golden-haired Eddie.

And now Eddie was gone. And since the day they laid him beside his father, all her energy was gone. All her hopes and interests in life left her, and all day long she lay upon the sofa or sat in a deep lounging-chair in her darkened chamber, scarcely eating food enough to sustain life, refusing to see any friends except her own family, and resisting all entreaties to go out for a breath of air.

And here her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, found her, as she came one bright morning, bringing a breath of Heaven's fresh loveliness into the close, perfumed and heated chamber.

"Come, Helen, do come out for a little ride," she entreated. "I've brought my own carriage and ponies, and I'll drive you myself. It is such a lovely morning! Please, Helen!"

But Helen only turned wearily on her sofa.

"No, no, Sue! How can you ask me?"

"It will do you good, Helen," pleaded Sue.

"I don't want to be done good. I only want to be alone. I never want to leave this room until I'm carried out as poor little Eddie was," moaned Helen.

"And that won't be long, I'm thinking, if you are allowed to go on in this fashion," muttered Sue, under her breath, while she said aloud, using a last argument, "Please come, Helen. We'll drive to Laurel Hill and take some flowers to Edward and Eddie."

But still the mourner only sighed. "No, Sue, no! I send flowers out every day. But I can't go myself; don't tease me, Sue."

Poor Sue stood still, her bright eyes full of tears, looking at her sister for a little while. Then she turned abruptly and left the room without another word. And she drove her pretty ponies straight to the house of a dear old Quaker friend—in two senses—into whose presence she carried her petition.

"Aunt Rachel, do please go and see Helen!" she begged. "I can't do anything with her—none of us can, and if you can't I don't know what will become of her!"

"Thee knows I will do what I can," softly returned Rachel Dalrymple. "Sit thee down here and tell me all about Helen."

And having heard about Helen, Rachel donned her dove-colored plumage, and went in Sue's carriage to the mourner's home.

"The servants will not want to admit you, but don't be denied," said Sue, as aunt Rachel got out.

The dear old lady nodded, and when the door was opened, she walked in at once.

"I have come to see Helen Livingstone," she said.

"Mrs. Livingstone does not see visitors," explained the waiter.

"She will see me. I will not trouble thee to go with me," she said, as she continued straight up to Helen's darkened chamber.

Entering with a soft tap, she crossed the room and took Helen's thin, white hand.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I do see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

She walked at once to the window, and drew aside the heavy curtains, letting in a flood of golden sunlight.

"Oh, the light!" moaned Helen, turning away her head.

"We cannot live without the light, my dear," said aunt Rachel, turning to a seat close beside Helen. "Now, Helen," she said, gently, "I am older than thee, and I've been through the deep waters of tribulation. Tell me all thy troubles, and I will help thee if I can."

The gentle words and tones went to Helen's heart, and she burst into a flood of such tears as had not washed before since her bereavement. Two or three hours aunt Rachel stayed, and continued her tender ministrations, and when she left she had won from Helen a promise that she would no longer nurse her sorrow in selfish loneliness, but go about in the world, and endeavor to do the duties still left to her.

"If thee tries to do right, thee'll find there is some happiness left yet," said gentle aunt Rachel. And though Helen did not quite believe she could ever be happy, she knew her wealth afforded her large means of doing good, and for that she would try to live.

A few months later the winter snow had covered Eddie and his father with a robe of spotless white, and it was near the happy Christmas-tide.

More than one humble home in the great city had been brightened by Helen's generous Christmas gifts, and she began to take some pleasure in these pleasant duties.

Some one has beautifully said: "Happiness is a perfume which we cannot sprinkle over others without spilling a few drops on ourselves." And Helen, in seeing how she made others happy, was far happier herself than she had ever hoped to be again.

The day before Christmas she had word of an aged and bedridden relative across the river, on the Jersey side, and she at once went over to see her.

As she stepped upon the ferry-boat to return, she found it very crowded, and with difficulty found a seat next a plain, neat-looking countrywoman who had with her a little fellow of five or six years, called Helen's heart thrilled as she looked at the little face with its bright blue eyes and golden hair, for it bore quite a resemblance to the dear face of her lost Eddie.

She could not help speaking to the child, and trying to win it to her, and presently she had him upon her knee.

"What is your little boy's name?" she said, addressing the woman.

"Eddie Hamilton," said the stranger, with a sigh, and Helen's heart thrilled again at the familiar name.

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," continued the woman.

"Ah!" commented Helen, interested at once.

"No, ma'am, he's not mine. His mother was a widow, and came to Brookville, where I live, a year ago come next March. She was very poor, and she had a little house right next to us, and tried to keep her living with her needle. But she made her death, ma'am, that's what she made—and we couldn't bear to see the little chap suffer, and him not a friend in the world, as we knowed of, so we took him, me and my John, and we've kept him ever since."

"Do you still intend to keep him?" asked Helen.

"We can't, ma'am. We're poor, hard-working folks, and we've got five children of our own. John had a bad fall last week—he can get about the house, but the doctors say he won't be able to work a lick this winter. It don't stand to reason as we could keep an extra one, and be just to the rest, does it, ma'am?"

"No, indeed," returned Helen, politely.

"That's what's taking me to the city to-day," returned the woman. "We hated to do it, me and John did, awful bad, but we didn't see no other way to do, so I'm a-taking him to the Orphan Asylum. Do you think they'll be good to him, ma'am?"

A thought which had struggled in Helen's heart for the last few minutes found expression now.

"I don't know," she said, eagerly. "But I do know some one who would! You say you are poor—I am rich, and I am widowed and childless. I have lately lost my husband and my little Eddie, and I am alone and lonely. Give me your little Eddie, and I will love him, and be good to him, and bring him up as my own child!"

"Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the countrywoman.

"Indeed I am! He looks like my lost Eddie—that's what first made me notice him—and it seems to me as if Heaven had sent him to me. It is my Christmas present! Oh, do let me have him!"

"I can't say no, ma'am. I am sure he will have a happy home with you," replied the woman, earnestly.

"Go with me and see!" cried Helen. "Your John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me your name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Mine is Livingstone. Now, Mrs. Reynolds, you shall go home with me. It is not near the distance it is out to the Orphan Asylum, and you shall see how I will do for little Eddie. Oh, I am so happy to have him!" And Helen hugged the child to her silken bosom, she did, indeed, feel that he was, in some measure, her lost Eddie, restored.

So when Mrs. Livingstone's elegant carriage met her on the city side of the ferry, she took Mrs. Reynolds and little Eddie to her handsome home.

And over a dainty dinner, which Helen ordered, they made all arrangements and plans for little Eddie's transfer to his new mamma.

For Helen proposed to adopt and educate him as her own son, with her own name, taking pride in the thought, that, after all, an Edward Livingstone might bear the name, and wear the wealth and honors of the family.

When Mrs. Reynolds returned home, Helen sent her to the ferry in her carriage again, to save her the long walk.

"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she said, as they parted, for Helen was so true a lady for that—and I will bring him to see you. I don't want him to forget his first kind benefactors. And here, slipping a tiny roll into Mrs. Reynolds' hands, "is a little Christmas present for John and the children."

And when Mrs. Reynolds looked at the "little Christmas present," she found it was a crisp, new hundred-dollar bill.

And so that Christmas Eve a golden curly head rested on the empty crib pillow in Helen Livingstone's room. And the next morning two little stuffed stockings hung over the table, loaded with Christmas-toys.

While Helen, herself, was so bright and happy, that, when sister Sue and aunt Rachel came in to see the little stranger, of whose arrival Helen had sent them word, they stood astonished at the transformation.

"Thee sees, Helen," said aunt Rachel, "that I was not wrong when I told thee if thee tried to do right thee would be sure to be happy!"

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.—At daybreak on the 30th of May, 1431, a priest entered the cell of a young woman at Rouen, and announced that he was come to prepare her for death. Not that the prisoner was ill—she was young, healthy, and in the full possession of her faculties; the death she was to suffer was a violent one—she was to be burned alive. Burned alive at one and twenty! What could the poor wretch have done? She had shivered the power of the English in France; she had roused the French nation from the torpor into which it had been thrown by the stunning blows dealt to it by Henry V. of England. On first hearing the announcement of the priest, Jeanne's firmness gave way. She wept and gave vent to piteous cries, tore her hair, and appealed to "the great Judge" against the cruel wrongs done to her; and by degrees her self-possession returned, and she listened to the ministrations of the priest, received the last sacrament from him, and announced herself ready to submit to the will of Heaven. At nine o'clock in the morning, she was carried away in the hangman's cart to the market-place in Rouen, where had been already laid the funeral pyre on which the young victim was to be sacrificed. The Bishop of Beauvais, Cardinal Beaufort, and several other prelates, with the English military commanders, were there, and a vast crowd had come out to see the "Maid of Orleans" die. In the center of the market-place, about the spot where now stands a fountain surmounted by a figure of Jeanne Darc, the stake was reared, and around it were piled the faggots. Soldiers guarded the place of execution. The ceremonial of death was begun on that beautiful May morning by a sermon; then the sentence pronounced was published, and the signal was given to proclaim the last act of the tragedy. A soldier's staff was broken, and formed into a rough cross, which "the Maid" clasped to her breast. She was then bound to the stake, the faggots were lighted, the fire leaped up around her; and, after suffering the agony indispensable to death by burning, her spirit returned to God who gave it. The English cardinal watched the whole

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A MAGNIFICENT ROMANCE!

In this issue are given the first chapters of

THE RED CROSS;

The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCUSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

One of the most powerful, beautiful and brilliant works of fiction since the days of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew." It is based upon the legend of the pieces of silver with which Judas Iscariot was bribed to betray the Savior. One of them is preserved, in a certain family, to bear down through the generations the taint and curse of

Enormous Wealth and Measureless Woe!

and though hidden away in Warren-Guiderland's most secret repository, it reappears in our own day to do a work of singular ill, wrong and misery, most strangely involving numerous remarkable characters, with incidents so widely distributed as to make it

A TALE OF THREE CONTINENTS.

Is a story of marvelous interest, both of persons, plot and circumstance, that literally leads the reader captive with its weird charm and subtle power. Any analysis of a work of its scope and significance were not possible in a mere announcement. A lengthy notice would be requisite to do it justice to its general or special features.

THE BAFFLING POWER OF THE COIN!

Is defined by its new possessor, a young German professor, and in pursuing the hunt for the true heirs of the vast Warren-Guiderland estate, he becomes the chief actor in a most peculiar, eventful and exciting drama, in which loves, hates, fears, ambitions and greed, all are over active elements. But, uppermost in interest, through all the strange narrative, runs the pathos and beauty of

Doubly Sweet Love Story!

like sunlight over the heaving waters of a fierce sea, that breaks through and through all, and gives to the otherwise almost painfully interesting chapters a sense of the beautiful that is beautiful indeed. And in commending it to the lovers of pure fiction, we are simply anticipating the verdict of every reader in pronouncing it

THE NOVEL OF TEN THOUSAND!

OUR PREMISE.—As our readers well know we have spoken disparagingly of the "chromos" usually offered as "premiums," and for the good reason that, with few exceptions, they have been coarse colored lithographs, almost wholly destitute of any art value. Such prints—for that is what they are—serve no purpose but to give their possessors a very wrong impression of what a good chromo is, and certainly add nothing of intrinsic worth to the paper's inducements.

A good picture is a desirable possession, and its dissemination is almost sure to inspire a taste for true art. When we can obtain such a work as the Chromograph (old chromo) "LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!"—by a well-known artist, and produced only by twelve distinct impressions—we shall regard it both as a pleasure and a privilege to place it within reach of our friends. Those who possess this charming and sweetly-suggestive picture will have something to make home beautiful, in the true sense.

GREAT CAPTAINS.—The new series of papers from Dr. Legrand's pen, "Great Captains," will comprise brilliant brief biographies of noted soldiers and sailors. Like his previous papers, it will be history and biography combined, treating not only of Great Captains but of the great events that added lustre to their names. The series will be eminently interesting, and instructive in the best sense; and we are sure will be greatly enjoyed by all intelligent readers.

Sunshine Papers.

The Doctrine of Signs.

As a child I was taught by the parson to believe that the days of direct revelation belonged entirely to a past dispensation. But, as I have grown to years of understanding, with all due reverence for the dear man's teachings, I have been forced to the conclusion that his scriptural theories were too advanced for the age.

This conviction has often come to me as I have received instructions from my friends that enabled me to see the future; as I have been solemnly assured of signs that, "without fail," predicted such and such fulfillments; as I have been warned that such and such an event having come to pass in regard to a person, such another event would surely happen. Had I received these warnings from less excellent authority, or gained my instructions from more questionable teachers, I might never have come to doubt my youthful theological views and believe in present direct revelations of coming events. But when wise and laudable matrons, intelligent and educated acquaintances, credited by society at large with an unusual amount of common sense, chosen companions whom we regard as remarkably bright young persons, are all enrolled believers in the doctrine of revelation of the workings of futurity through the happening of given signs, what can a poor mortal—not any too thoroughly versed in the art of theological refutation—do but let go of the past tenets and adopt the popular theories? Is it for me to set up my old-fashioned ideas, imbibed from the parson, when more modern persons than he tell me that, as I broke a mirror, one of our family will die shortly, or I shall "have bad luck for seven years?"

To be sure I may entertain, privately, the opinion that Providence takes a less dignified method than most persons, with any developed bump of veneration, reverence, or awe, would suppose possible in the revelation of the plans of the All-Wise; and I may speculate over the mystery of a revelation concerning what we can not see, and I may marvel why a combination of quicksilver and glass should meet with more favor as a medium of communication between Omnipotence and humanity than a sloop-jar, or an oil-lamp, or any other little household convenience; but I would not think of giving such

heretical thoughts to the public; no, indeed! Far be it from me to set up myself against the authorities on the matter of signs. As I said, I see that the parson and I—in my youth—were all wrong about that. I am now a "superstitious" man, and I hear of "superstition" in this highly civilized nineteenth century! Why, my friend, you make me blush for your lack of perception! Let me hear no more of superstition!—has not yet passed away but that many superstitions are still given signs and the interpretations thereof.

Already have I learned—and I'm not yet as old as I may be, in case I am not the unfortunate member of our family who is to suffer the effects of the breaking of that nasty mirror—I was rather glad when it smashed; I had allowed it to hang by a rotten cord for some time hoping it would fall, because it always made me look as if I had a crooked face; but my ideas of economy would not allow me, with a clear conscience, to deliberately break it—that it is useless for me to ever dream of matrimony so long as I trip going up-stairs, and that if I use even so far forget myself as to sing before breakfast that I shall surely be under the crushing necessity of weeping before night comes. I know that you are going where you are going, against "trying on" mourning bouquets, upon the theory that whoever does will "surely and soon" be obliged to wear one. N. B. Young ladies who are well aware that black is becoming to their complexions, may find a "happy thought" suggested in the above.

One class of signs whereby most important communications are conveyed to people, every one should be able to interpret. I think they may be called "personal signs," and as I have been instructed in the orthodox revelations that they make, I will dutifully enlighten all ignorant mortals that to stub the right toe, while upon a journey, is a signal that a welcome awaits the traveler; but if your left toe should meet with a like accident, and you still continue on your way, it must be with the full consciousness that you are going where you are going, wanted. Whoever is afflicted with itching of the feet, may feel confident that they are soon to tread upon strange ground; while the happy mortal who has itching palms, need never fear being penniless, since that malady is a positive evidence of coming money—and I presume please do not let any one ever represent me as a malicious and willful misrepresenter of facts—the money always gets there. When the left ear hums, the miserably owner of it may contemplate the horizon with the assurance of a said about him; but if it be the right ear, he may be joyful in the consciousness that someone is speaking well of him; and, alas! for the fair maiden who feels a tingling sensation in connection with her nasal appendage, as she is blindly nearing one of three awful possibilities: "the inevitable," for her, takes the shape of a stranger whom she must meet, or a fool whom she must kiss, or some danger through which she must pass.

Careful housewives should always fly to cake-making and inspection of the "preserver," every sharp instrument falls upon the floor and sticks there, point downward; for such an unusual position is never adopted by pens, pins, needles, etc., save when they are instrumental in notifying the family of approaching visitors; nor does the rooster ever crow upon the front doorstep, save when his lordship is conscious that a guest will soon drive him thence; and dish-cloths, and knives and forks, are only seized with propriety in dropping when new arrivals will soon be at the house; and a floating stem in the tea, or a big fly buzzing about the room, are sufficient indications of company's coming, when other signs are withheld.

To give a friend a sharp-edged or sharp-pointed article is an unfailing way of putting a penny into one's pocket, and a penny tendered in exchange can heal all little differences, and buy a continuance of the existence of kindly feelings. The spring of salt will inevitably result in a terrible row between the husband and wife and some one; and no amount of natural good temper, or Christian resolutions, can avert the untimely bursts of passion; but a pinch of salt immediately offered as a fiery sacrifice will make all things well. A journey, or a piece of work, commenced on Friday will end on a Friday, while the new moon viewed over the left shoulder is an evil omen, the effects of which no wisdom or righteous deeds can lessen; but to glance at the new moon over the right shoulder, and make a wish while turning a bit to the left, insures the fulfillment of the wish. Horse-shoes nailed over the doors of houses gain for the families within protection from all evil; but in case the dog should howl in the night the nearest undertaker may expect a speedy call from one of the owners of that dog, on business.

Dreams of black horses, or funerals, are sent to warn people that a wedding in the family is near at hand, or that some long-mourning friend is about to die. On the contrary, a dream of a "rainy" or a wedding, is a notification that the family of that dreamer may as well commence making up black; and, while I think of it, just make a note of the fact that to dream of losing teeth is equally fatal. And, also, the blossoming of a leaf or a fruit tree in fall, betokens a death in the family.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

There are numerous other signs, which, if their revelation is but interpreted aright, enable us to get quite harrowing conclusions concerning the doings of that invisible world, in various ways. But there is a limit to one's endurance, and, really, I'm quite overcome with the sublimity of this doctrine of belief in signs, and my speculations concerning the best kind of mirror to replace that one that had the good grace to break.

RUMMAGING.

Who does not love to rummage, especially in an old attic of some house in the country? There is quite a fascination in running away by yourself, of a dull day, and looking over things which have been put away for future reference, and some things which have had their day, but will be useful never more; yet are endeared by so many pleasant reminiscences and memories that we haven't the heart to destroy them.

We sit by the low window, against which the rain is pattering, while we rummage over a big pile of old almanacs, with their quaint spelling, coarse paper and wonderful predictions which never came to pass, except by accident. We wonder how we would like to have lived in those old times when the postman arrived but once a week, and folks were sound asleep just about the time we commence our modern larks and routs. Then the wretched attempts made at wood engraving that adorn each page, cause us to laugh, for we cannot tell whether men are scattering seed or throwing snow-balls. Yet, I verily believe, an almanac was as great a treat in days of "olden times" as is an exciting novel to a modern belle; it was as much consulted as the family Bible. I can imagine the old farmer, with spectacles on nose, reading to the assembled family group these scattered lines: "About this time—look-out—for—rough—weather!" and grandma answering, "I thought we should have a spell of it,

soon, for I've felt it in my bones for some days past."

Next we come across some old fashion-books, and we wonder if anybody ever did dress in such an outlandish manner, and how they could consent to such gaudy gowns of themselves. We wonder if the boys didn't look at them as they walked through the village street, all the while forgetting that fashion was fashion as much in those days as it is at the present time, and we also forget that posterity will look on the fashion-plates of to-day—some fifty years hence—and ridicule our fashions as much as we ridicule those of fifty years ago.

What can be in this paper which sends forth such an agreeable aroma? Nothing but some of aunt Hester's dried "yarns," so good in case of sickness, and so useful in case of the Christmas Thanksgiving turkey or the Christmas goose. The rain still patters overhead, somewhat melancholy, I know, but the drops seem like footsteps of those who have passed many a Thanksgiving and Christmas beneath the roof of this old homestead. Have not the owners of those feet been in this garret many a time and oft? Have they not rummaged as much as I am rummaging now, and has not this old attic rung with many and many a peal of laughter from young, innocent and happy beings? That old clock—how useless—has ticked away the merry hours—has told the time for meals, for school, for bed-time, for "meetin'" and Sunday-school; its hands are useless now; it is fast going to decay like many who have noted its workings, and yet the shell is kept just as we carefully inclose the shell of some loved one in the casket.

Old clothes, old shoes, old stockings, old playthings are here to rummage over. Cannot you imagine that sometimes, in the quiet night, while we are sleeping, that shadowy forms come to this old chamber of past reminiscences and clothe themselves in the old garments they used to wear, set the old clock ticking once again, on the pages of some ancient book, and live over one day of their mortal life, with its hopes and fond enjoyments and disappointments, loves and hates?

These attics always seem to me should be kept sacred to the memory of the days gone by; the articles they contain do not appear to be so old, and it looks like sacrilege for us to take them away. I grant you they are old, useless and shabby, but, from association, they are endeared to others, and many would not part with them for five times their weight in gold, and I do not blame them one bit.

The rain has ceased, and my rummage is over. My musings have made me feel better. They have taught me that it is better to love those whom I have left, than wish I had loved them better when I find them gone.

EVE LAWLESS.

"LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!"

OR,
The Child and the Christmas Tree.

(See Chromo Supplement.)

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

Christmas morning, very early, little Katie's shining eyes

Flowed in rain, bright with wonder, expectation and surprise.
Slyly peeping, shyly glancing round about the dusky room,
Partly veiled, partly fearing, through the dawn's uncertain gloom,
To see Santa Claus advancing toward her as she lay
So she held the blanket round to tuck under her head.

But only, at the window, saw the splendid Morning Star,
And she only heard the chattering of a crowing near and far.
"Oh, I wonder," softly sighed she, "if really, truly in the night
Santa Claus comed down the chimney when my eyes were shut and tight."

Just as mamma told her Katie that he would if I was good?"

The next moment on the carpet a small figure shivering and cold, feet like lilies, curly hair about its face,
Bright eyes, growing larger, brighter, as they stared about the place.

"He comes always to the parlor, though the grate's so awful small.
It does puzzle me how ever he can get a tree so tall."

Out of such a little chimney; but I guess he brings it in
And it grows up, like Jack's bean-stalk, in a night into a tree.

This grave matter settled, Katie, barefoot, slipped down the stairs, and in the parlor, where the pictures hung on the wall
Seemed to look like her like phantoms in the dim and growing light.

And she trembled, half with cold, half with terror, till delight
Warmed her to her very toes, for she saw the Christmas Tree

Standing there in all its glory, just as full as it could be
Day was breaking and more clearly every moment she made out
Golden balls and colored tapers on its branches spread.

China tea-set, books of stories about fairy-land and elf,
With a lovely, lovely dolly, half as big as Katie's self.

"These are all for me!" cried Katie. "Oh, you precious Santa Claus!"
First kept dancing, with bright eyes glancing, here and there without a pause.

"Things for mamma, and for papa—but the most of that's because I've tried for two months to be good as I could be!"
Now, what's this?" cried curious Katie; "I declare! Must be mamma's; but I guess I'll try it on, if I can!"

So she slipped the costly cashmere to the mirror, and no belle
Dressed for opera had more graces than our tiny demoiselle.

With the shawl that served as mantle, then as train,
As the eager fancy prompted of the busy little head,
At the last it served as hood for the graceful, curly hair.

With the fringe about the face like a gorgeous halo spread,
"I'm a lady, now," thought Katie; "I must let my dolly see
How I've grown into a woman and am going to take tea."

As she turned to show her dolly how she'd grown a lady tall
There stood her mamma, smiling queerly at the fairy tale in the shawl.

"Look at me, mamma!" cried Katie; "this was on the Christmas tree."
And I guess it's mine, dear mamma. I'm a lady! Look at me!"

Mamma looked into the laughing, shining eyes of her dear girl,
Stooped to kiss the rosy cheek and to smooth the wayward curls;
In her secret heart she thought, "Never angel looked more fair."

Than her darling, playing lady, with the shawl about her hair.
"Papa shall decide who wears it, Katie; let us light the tree."

In a moment—Oh, the splendor, oh, the wondrous of the tiny tapers burning, of the butterflies' gilt wings,
Of the cornucopias hanging, and the hundred gilt Silver drums that burst with bon-bons, dolly's dolly at her feet.

Tiny tapers, tiny burnings and a tiny work-box near!
Papa shut the burning daylight out and let the tapers burn.
While Katie, like the fairies—who to any shape can change
Changed again into a little girl, with bon-bon box and doll.

Kindly giving her dear mamma leave to wear the Indian shawl.

TO OUR OLD READERS.—If we have done "a nice thing" for our old readers and patrons, it is asking too much to solicit their personal co-operation in introducing the JOURNAL to such of their friends as they think ought to have the paper? If each old reader added but one new reader to the list it would be, to us, a very pleasant Holiday Gift, for which we will say "thank you!" most heartily.

Foolscap Papers.

Styles for the Winter of 1876-77.

STYLES FOR GIRLS.

For shoes, the girls this winter will wear nothing larger than femme-mines; the height of the heels will be regulated by the light of the girl. If the foot is pretty it will be nice to show the shoe.

Calico dresses will be worn long—without washing, say six months, and the figure of the girl should correspond with the figure of the girl, and the dress should always be made by hand. The mother's pockets large enough for twenty-five cents' worth of gum-drops at any time. All ball-dresses should be made according to the size of the bowl you have to make for them. Let your wardrobe be complete, even if your father says he is nearly broke to wear about it. If the times are tight you can save goods by cutting your clothes a little tighter. Basques will be made in the finest styles to please the eye of him who basks in the light of your smile. Pretty faces will be worn this winter when they are procurable. Cardinal red will be the prevailing color for the cheeks, and chewing-gum will be of the shade that best suits the complexion. Stockings should be made of the most exquisite material, and richly embroidered, and be elegantly kept out of sight; the sleeves of them should be full. The—the—well, the—the—shouldn't take more than one whole edition of the Tribune. One lover ought to last, if the sleighing is good, for three months at least. Stick to your own suit, and don't be in much of a hurry to accept of a lover's suit unless there are lots of money in the pockets. If jewelry is given you, there should be no hesitation as to the particular style you may wear. Muffs should be large enough for a couple of cold hands on one side. It will be the fashion, on cold evenings in the parlor, to sit close to your lover to keep warm. Hats should correspond with your age—say, an eighteen-year-old hat to an eighteen-year-old girl. As the thermometers go down you should allow the neck of your dresses to go up. Sore throats will always help you to tell the truth when you are invited to "favor us with a song." Gloves will be tight—when your lover has hold of your hand. The expenses of your costume should never make you think any the less of it. If there is any place about your dress where you can pin, tack, the buste, stick, sew, button, fix, cut, paste, stitch, or hang anything ornamental on, it will be the fashion to do so this winter. You will look trim according to the way your clothes are trimmed, but the prettiest feature about a young lady's costume for this season will be the features of her face; still, whatever the custom is, she should stick a little to form, though the world should consider it all stuff. Young ladies will be very precise in their carriage when on the street, and occasionally scold the driver. The walks will be often slippery, and if she falls forward or backward she won't hurt herself. Her mother's apron-strings this winter will not be tied to her as an article of necessary ornament. A fine marriage-tie will be the most coveted. During this cold weather it will be the fashion for them to pity, with warm hearts, the poor—young lovers who have no one else to love. The most popular question of the season will be the pop question, and you can always refer them to your pop. Edgings will be all the rage at church and the opera—that is to say, edgings over toward each other. Most certainly, no young lady who has a beautiful face will hide it with a veil, if the wind is blowing icicles and snow-balls. A very elegant washing-dress for this season will be—that is, I mean for your mother—will be made of excellent exercise in reading novels will be conducive to health.

STYLES FOR WOMEN.

This is destined to be the winter of a husband, as it is to be very cold, and it will take all to keep his wife warm, and he will have to husband his means for his wife. It will be so cold that she will need a new pair of earrings to keep her ears from freezing, and a new elegant chain to prevent the sore throat, and a new bracelet to keep her wrists warm, and the only article of jewelry which he will be able to wear will be an icicle on the end of his nose, if he wishes to be extravagant. Vallencien and Honiton laces keep the cold out excepting it is to keep his wife warm in the getting it. The best thing to have this winter is a fine cashmere shawl; so have it. The new lace which has just been imported is calculated to make a woman transported. An excellent kitchen dress can be made out of one of your old dresses without much trouble. Of course we mean it is for your husband's outfit, but if your husband has credit it will be just as good. If you are economical you can make a bonnet by putting flowers on your old calico, and ornamenting it with feathers to suit the taste. Grease-spots on your dress will be removed by sewing an extra bow over them, or by getting a new dress. If your husband insists on your making over an old dress, you can tell him nothing for you to be making over. All holes in hose must be covered by a diamond patch this season. Any kind of dress goods is better than your neighbors wear is quite good enough. The morning dress will be made with a smile. Your morning dress (over your husband's head) will be made by yourself. Evening dresses will be made with gathers; that is, you can gather enough old material to make them. In dealing with your neighbors you will dispense with them. Your purchases will be made according to the size of your husband's purse—not by its contents. There is no telling what an amount of warmth and comfort there is in the latest style of gilt buttons just introduced. In washing dishes you—I mean your servant, will only have a two-buttoned glove. Broom-handles will be selected to suit your complexion. Hats will be worn a good deal. Your husband will be worn, too, with despair. A diamond finger-ring is an excellent thing to keep the cold winter winds off. There is less goods in twenty yards of silk than in twenty yards of calico, so be economical and take the silk. An elegant cloak, and one really good enough for all common occasions, can be bought for eight hundred dollars. If your dress is full of holes, I'd like to know how much difference it would make if you had a ten-hundred-dollar skirt under it. You can make a good shuffling dress—for your servant—out of your last season's silk. In fact, women's apparel this winter will be without apparel.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,
Emperor of the Emporium of Fashion.

MORAL COURAGE.—Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a steady even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Faded Leaf," "Was Bender, etc.," "Mary's Lamp" in "Pledge English," "A Mistake," "The Old Man," "My Alibi," "The Last but not Least," "Mary's Ghostly Guardian," "A New Way Over the River," "Jack Rose's Old Enemy."

Accepted: "After Many Days," "How He Reveals His Face," "Aunt Patty's Legacy," "Sweet Isabel," "Love Triumphant," "Letters to Calcutta," "The Count's Daughter," "The Silver Mask," "The Crusader's Last Stroke," "The Black Gondola," "The Blind Baroness," "I'm Green a Tree," "Who Rode the Black Horse?" "The Traitor's Page."

JUDITH B. Back numbers six cents each.—We know nothing of the person named.

Geo. W. C. Address Peck and Snyder, Base-Call Emporium, Nassau street, New York.

Bony. We hope to be able soon to announce a new serial by the author named.

A. B. C. Write to Sabin & Sons, old book dealers, New York. They'll probably have the book.

F. S. D. Compositors do not like the "copy" of the type-writing machines.

A. J. P. Examining your Webster's Dictionary and see what Webster is in the matter.

DIM LYM. We do not think the "feature" desirable enough to give it space and place.

Mrs. E. K. As a rule long poems are not desirable. Four-line verses may be regarded as an average length.

A. F. S. Poem is crude. Can you "hereafter" the taste, the sight, the hearing, the feeling? These are the senses. How good a rhyme is fades for matter. You must learn to write poetry, it has not as what it is, before you essay its composition.

E. S. Cigarashes are good for cleaning the teeth. Only do not use too much, or too often, as the alkali (potash) in them may injure the enamel. The habit of smoking is a bad one, and it is not one virtue, and has many disagreeable accompaniments. Drop it if you can.—It is not necessary to say anything in praise of your own work.

INQUIRE. Battle Creek. Avoid heat, Ayer. If your hair is red, or light-colored, your complexion and temperament would make a dark dye absurd. Only gray hair should be dyed—not the hair of young folks.—Your handwriting is rather unformed. Practice as much as you can. Get a good set of copybooks. They are a great help.

Opp. Boy, Cincinnati. What kind of person are you, that you do not know the difference between a letter and a card? You certainly have odd taste to prefer all matters of paper to be serious! A paper to be acceptable to all must have something to give. Many persons do not care for serials, and do care very much for good short sketches, stories and poems. So, in our make up, we seek to get the balance of the paper just right for the most readers of the Journal.

A YOUNG VOTER. The "Electoral College" is established by the Constitution to provide for the election of President and Vice-President by States. We cannot here explain in detail the modes of that election. See the Constitution for that. Also read the Constitution for the other information. Each State has two Senators in Congress—the smallest and the largest alike. They are elected by the respective State Legislatures, while members of the House of Representatives (or the Lower House) are elected by the people at large in each of the States at all districts. This secures the States, and the largest and the smallest alike, a very beautiful and wise distribution of power.

M. Lou. If the two young ladies act with their father's assent they will succeed. He probably will return their money, and has to look out for their "setting out," when they decide to marry. Such girls usually win prosperous men.—Perhaps your uncle can assist in a quiet way.—If your lady friend wants to receive card calls, you had better do so, if her company is pleasant. Gentlemen enjoy having two or three ladies to receive them on New Year's day.

BROWN EYES says: "I have received a letter of abuse from my cousin—with a cause. Under the circumstances, is it my place to ask his forgiveness for what I did; or should I write him the first asks mine?" If you were the first to give offense you should be the first to apologize; and we would advise you to make peace with him as soon as possible.

E. M. M. Baltimore, writes: "I am in love with two very pretty young ladies. One is an orphan, and immensely wealthy and accomplished, while the other is poor, and has to eke out a living, but is well educated and of a very confiding nature. She is also very delicate. I am a young man of good looks, and wish to help from either of the ladies, and wish to settle down, and do so with what wild. Both ladies are of most honorable character, and equally deserving any man's regard. What ought to be my course? Should I intend marrying as a purely philosophical and business matter, we would advise you to select as your wife the poorer young lady. From the honorable mention you make of her, she will doubtless be an excellent, loving and devoted wife; such a one as a heart like you may well be glad to win; but if your heart is in any way connected with the detestable

MRS. AMANDA H. writes: "I live from a very large town, therefore I write to you for a little advice concerning a plan I have thought of with reference to a Christmas gift for my husband. Some years ago, when we moved here, he had a set of chairs of wood and upholstery combined. For a long time it has been banished to the garret, because the upholstery was so worn and shabby, that a upholsterer's to have it repaired. I have been thinking that I might repair it myself, and surprise him with it in a handsome way. I want to know, however, how could I get the materials? I want nails with fancy heads, fringe, gimp, and something pretty—not too expensive. I have a set of brown or crimson furniture covering, with a gay pattern, and I want to cover with it, and how much will they cost? Measure the length and width of all those parts of the chair that are to be upholstered, and measure the amount of fringe and the amount of gimp needed, and count the number of nails you will want; then send the measurements, and list with a description of color and kind of goods required, to a respectable firm, such as T. Stewart's, Arnold and Constable's, Lord and Taylor's, Sloan's, etc., of New York, and they will fill your order, and send the package by express. Handsome upholstery, rep or satin, sixty inches wide, comes at from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per yard. Elegant stripes may be purchased from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. The goods must be cut and the stripes sewed in, to go down the center of the back and across the seat of the chair. Fringe costs one dollar a yard, gimp twenty cents, and nails about ten cents a dozen. From four to six dollars will cover all expenses."

SHORTY, Plainfield, N. J., asks: "Is it right for a young lady to stand at the church door and ask a young lady for her company home, when he has not escorted her to church?—How should a young man ask to keep company with a young lady?—Should he ask her and her folks both, or only the lady?—Will signing a receipt with lead-pencil stand for 'No'?" Unless there are very extraordinary circumstances that may be offered in apology for the gentleman's absence. There is nothing more disgusting to well-to-do or devout persons than to see a crowd of young men loitering about a church door, waiting for a lady who should not accept as an escort home a crowd of young men who think too little of her society, or care too little for morality, to be willing to escort her to church.—It is the proper thing to ask the permission of the young lady's parents or guardians that you may pay her attention, though this is too often overlooked in this country. In the case it is not necessary to make any special application to the young lady, herself, until you seek an engagement; as she will soon show you by her manners whether or no she cares to dispense with your attentions.—A lead-pencil signature is good in law.

Gus. Fns. Oakland, Ill., writes: "I was corresponding with a lady friend and after we had written awhile she got mad about something. I don't know what, and wrote me to send her letters back as a favor, and she would return the compliment. That was all right; but when I sent the letters it seemed to make her more angry. She would not speak to me, did not send back the letters, and told a friend of mine that she did not intend to do so, but lately she has been very pleasant and speaks whenever we meet. What does she mean? If you can tell, please do so." We would say that the lady's actions are ill-advised, and that the temporary fit of anger requested her letters, thinking to make you feel badly and probably induce in a little delicious coaxing. That you took her at her word was at first a matter of pique to her, but resulted in her liking you still better. Now, she evidently wishes to retain your letters and your friendship, and is open to any friendly advances on your side.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SWEET ISABEL.

(A Ballad.)

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Oh, Isabel, sweet Isabel,
For mercy's sake avert thine eyes;
For, while beneath their tender spell,
I dream I am in paradise;
But, when that blissful spell is o'er,
While from their light afar I dwell,
'Tis sad to feel I am no more
Near heaven and thee, sweet Isabel.
I pray thee speak not, lady fair,
Or speak not in such melting tones—
That voice with music charms the air
As sweet as that of angels' own;
But, when those sounds so soft and clear
No more for me in absence swell,
I sigh more earthly tones to hear
From lips less rare, sweet Isabel.
In pity, lady, do not smile,
Or smile not with such tender light;
For I am very apt the while
To vision hope too fondly bright—
To dream of bliss that ne'er can be—
Thy feelings own another's spell,
And vainly I—my sighs for thee—
Thou I'll be mine, sweet Isabel.

Nobody's Boy;
OR,
THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.
A GIRL OVERBOARD.

A broad, sunny stream flowing by in a long curve of broad waters; on one side the level bottom-lands running back, clad in sprightly beauty; on the other, a grove of an old-fashioned city, rising out of the north the roofs and spires of a city, rising out of emerald verdure; such are the main features of the scene to which we desire to introduce the reader.

On the right of the grove a great boled oak rose from the river-bank, its exposed roots overhanging the waters. In a nest of these huge roots sat a boy of some fifteen years of age, a ragged, dirty little Arab, but with a shrewd, fearless, independent look, and a sense of recklessness that flashed from his bright gray eyes.

He was small for his age, yet graceful, and with a strongly-knit frame, while his face might have been handsome but for the dirt and its present expression of discontent.

He was engaged in the occupation of fishing; a crooked branch, cut from a neighboring willow, serving to sustain his home-made line, while a cork, robbed from some porter-bottle, floated in the focus of his vision. Yet with this primitive tackle he had landed quite a string of fish on the bank behind him, among which curved, snake-like, the flexible body of a large eel.

"How them gals," he grumbled, as a small stone struck the water near his cork. "They'll skewer every scale of the Maumee; if they don't I'm a monkey. Ain't had a bite this ten minutes, and it's all on 'count of them blasted gals. What sich critters was ever got up for gals me. Jist to torment people, I believe."

The soliloquy of this youthful philosopher was cut short by a handful of pebbles that flashed in the water before him.

"Look here now, this is about playin'!" he cried, sticking his rod angrily among the roots, and springing to his feet.

As he reached the bank he saw a boy of half a dozen young girls, dressed in holiday attire, who ran laughing from the spot on seeing him, tossing their curls in gay defiance.

"You'd better git!" cried the young savage. "I ain't nobody's angel, to stand this sort of thing, you bet."

A chorus of laughter answered his angry words. Doubly enraged, he stooped with a quick motion, grasped the eel that lay among his fish, and flung it with a sure aim at the group of his tormentors.

Their time was changed as the slimy monster hurtled past them, and they ran shrieking to the grove, joining a party that rested and dined under its shade.

"Guess I've settled their bacon," said the boy, his face full of cynical enjoyment of their fright. "I ain't got my eel ag'in in. That's one thing about gals; they can't stand eel, and snake, and sich like."

Recovering his useful weapon, he coiled himself again in his nest of roots and resumed his fishing. He had hardly grasped the rod ere the cork gave one or two slight jerks and then disappeared under the water.

In an instant he was on his feet, playing his line skillfully, and finally lifting it with a quick, steady motion from the water.

A large perch lay gasping upon the bank, impaled upon the hook. It was the work of a moment to add this accession to his string of fish, which he now placed in a pool of water to keep them fresh.

"Can't see what fun there is in fishing about that way," he said, glancing at the pleasure party in the grove. "All gals, too, and gals is wuss than pison. Never saw one yit that wasn't a fish of a garter-snake; and they ain't got brains enough to play ball or set snares for rabbit. If I'd been born a gal I'd a' drowned myself, ten years ago."

The youthful woman-hater, resuming his fishing, landing the scaly tenants of the river at a rate that would have shamed many a well-appointed fisher, though armed with patented rod and line.

"Seems to me I've settled for them nuisances," he said, as a half-hour passed without interruption. "But I've a notion I hear a steamer comin' down-stream. Yes, there's its smoke now," pointing to a fleecy line to the south. "More bother, I s'pose."

In ten minutes more a musical chorus of laughter and merry voices called his attention to the other direction. He perceived four of the girls in a light, canoe-shaped boat, which they were awkwardly paddling, marking every stroke with their movements.

"Well, I'll be 'farnally swindled!" he cried, casting down his rod in vexation. "It's a put-up job on me, that's what, and when I catch 'em, I'll make 'em pay, too. And, that ain't all. There comes the steamer. It's a chance if it don't rock some of them gals overboard; and I'll be spotted to jump in and fish them out, there's its smoke now," pointing to a fleecy line to the south. "More bother, I s'pose."

His lips closed with an expression of invincible determination as he spoke these words. The boat was now nearly opposite him. One of the girls, a bright-faced, golden-haired little witch, had risen in the bow and was looking to the laughter and affected fright of her companions.

They were so occupied that they failed to perceive the steamer, bearing down almost directly upon them—the channel here running close to shore.

Nor had the officers of the boat perceived the light craft in their path. The thoughtless children were in imminent peril. The fisher-boy rose to his feet and sprang to the bank of the stream, with an impulse in contradiction to the cry of his own heart.

"Serves 'em right," was his first grumbling utterance. "S'pose I'll have to go for her," was his next remark, uttered as if her falling overboard was but one of a series of attacks on his personal comfort. "Didn't calculate I was goin' to fishin'! Bet some catty runs away with my line."

His actions were more decided than his words gave warrant for. Guiltless of coat or shoes, he flung off his excuse for a hat, and plunged headlong into the stream, swimming toward the struggling girl with as much ease as if this was his native element.

The eyes of all within view were fixed eagerly upon his movements, their breaths suspended as they noticed his rapid advance.

"Keep it up, gal," he called out as he approached. "Keep your flippers working. I'll have you in the twink of a cat's eye."

This not very polished address failed to have its effect. Still struggling, first the head and then the hands of the child sunk out of sight.

With a rapid movement of his lithe body the boy too disappeared beneath the water, his waves closing over the throbbing human lives beneath them. Ten, twenty, thirty seconds, that seemed as many minutes, passed; then a shout arose from the steamer as the head of the girl rose above the water, followed by that of the boy, who bore her up-right in his clasping arms.

He laid placed the girl rose above the water, now close above them, its wheels again at rest.

"Hold her firm there!" cried the captain, from above. "We will have a boat down in a minute."

"You needn't bother yourself," said the boy, defiantly. "You're wide awake enough now when there ain't no use. I can swim a mile with this feather on my back."

He had placed the child on his back as he spoke, twining her arms round his neck, and started to swim ashore, heedless of the fact that a boat was being lowered on the spot.

"Hold hard there, my lad!" cried the captain. "You are a brave boy, but that's no reason you should act as if we were your enemies."

"You ain't no friends of mine, nor the gal's either," flung back the boy, as he swam steadily onward.

"Bring them back," said the captain, sternly. "The girl must be half-drowned, and what can this little idiot do in bringing her to?"

This command was literally obeyed. The men in the boat lifted the boy and his charge, despite his struggles, and landed them safely aboard.

He crouched sullenly down in the boat, and remained silent and morose, while the rowers proceeded to pick up the occupants of the canoe.

They then returned to the steamer, the boy gaining its deck with the agility of a young athlete, while the children were handed up with the utmost care.

He was instantly surrounded by a throng of the passengers, who manifested a disposition to lionize him, though he responded in sullen monosyllables to all their questions.

Meanwhile the rescued child had been borne to the ladies' cabin, and efforts were being made to restore her suspended animation, which seemed likely to be successful.

The captain now approached the boy.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked. "Pete," was the boy's sullen answer.

"What else?" "Piscayune Pete the boys call me. 'Cause I'm little and pet." "But what is your last name? Where do your parents live?"

"Don't believe I ever had a last name. Never saw any parents. Live in Toledo."

"Well, I'll declare!" ejaculated the captain. "This is an odd case. You live somewhere; with some family?"

"You kind of know a good deal about it," said the boy, insolently. "Don't think it's much of anybody's affairs. I know one thing; it's hard if a father can't hit his fishin' without gals dippin' under and all that."

"Do you think the child nearly drowned herself on purpose to annoy you?" "I calkulate it's something of that kind," said the boy. "Never found gals anything but nuisances."

"You have acted nobly," said the captain, "in spite of your sourness. We will have to do something for you."

Pete had been looking round with an uneasy, restless gaze. He seemed anxious about something. Just then a voice near by said: "The child is all right. She is coming to rapidly."

Something like a smile of pleasure marked the boy's face. It was quickly replaced by a sour look as he saw the girl sitting up and talking.

"Didn't ask nobody to do nothing for me," he replied to the captain's remark. "Piscayune Pete ain't bad at doin' for himself. Don't keer about people fussin' and slobberin' over me, and all that. Got a bunch of catfish and perch ashore there, and calkulate I'll go for 'em."

Suited the action to the word, he leaped overboard, and a quick boat, from the steamer's deck, and struck out lustily for the shore.

The people on the steamer looked after him with various emotions, some laughing, some pitying him as a veritable young savage.

nied her companions, together with the captain of the steamer, back to the school.

The latter person broke the news to Madame Lucon, congratulating her on the escape of her pupils from danger.

Yes, she seemed destined to be unsuccessful in her search. For more than a week she had persevered without success.

She found it true, some persons who knew Piscayune Pete. But the reports of these persons were very discouraging in character.

"They were all boys, as Minnie fancied that boys would be the best guide to the boy of her search."

"Piscayune Pete," said one, a half-grown lad who lived near her. "Know him? I guess I do. He would be the best guide to the boy of her search."

"Do you know where he lives?" asked Minnie, in a quick breath.

"I guess he lives out of doors, all around. I know him because he comes around every once in a while and wins our marbles, and beats us at ball, and licks every boy that makes a fuss about it."

She next applied to a boy named Pete's own station. "Do I know Piscayune Pete?" was the surprised rejoinder.

"I rather think so. Pete's a horse, he is. He can ride better than a jockey, and dive deeper than a muskrat, and he can run and shoot, and all that like fun. And he's good at all kinds of tricks; and can walk on his hands and turn somersets like blazes. He's some, Pete is, if he is stunted."

"Can you tell me where he lives?" "He don't live nowhere, I reckon. Anyhow, he lets on he don't. I never asked him but once, and then he blacked my eye for it. Oh, I tell you Pete's a slatherer."

"Will you tell me where I can find him, or can you find him for me? He saved my life, and I want to thank him."

"What! are you the gal Pete swum ashore with?" "Yes. He saved me from drowning."

"Now, that's a go. Dunno where he is, though. So there's no use talking."

Her efforts in other quarters proved equally unsuccessful. Plenty of the boys knew Pete, but none knew just where to place that erratic individual.

All had discouraging stories to tell of his pugnacity and other evil habits. He had a way of cuffing and kicking the boys indiscriminately. He was a young rascal, a vagabond, a savage, and twenty other bad names.

Yet Minnie observed that in nearly every case the boys had given Pete the first provocation, and none accused him of stealing, or any other low vice.

Her desire to find him was only augmented by these reports, the missionary spirit being roused in her. She hoped and prayed to herself that she might be able to persuade the boy from his bad habits.

Meanwhile Pete was about town everywhere, in the course of every day. He did spend more time in the neighborhood of Madame Lucon's Select School than he had ever done before. Why, he did not explain to anybody, not even to himself. Here Minnie never dreamed of looking for him.

He was found in this locality one day by the boy who had expressed such an opinion of his prowess. "I want to see you, Piscayune Pete," said the latter.

"Want to see me, hey?" said Pete, squatting himself, and looking up at the boy. "Well, divulge them, rooster. I'm a-listenin'."

"There's a girl been looking everywhere for you. The one you pulled out of the water."

"Thought I'd tell you, Pete, 'cause she asked me about you."

"What does the gal want?" "Wants to thank you, she says. And maybe to pay you. I s'pect the girl's rich."

"Pay me, is it?" said Pete, rising slowly from his seat. "I just guessed so."

"Well, you jist tell me who axed you to guess, you thunderer, rooster. Who said I was takin' pay for pullin' gals out of the water? If the gal wants me, she'll find me on my beat. Tell her that. And you'll give me any more, or I'll give you what you're a-fishin' for."

"I didn't say nothing to make you mad."

"You did, you possum. Git, now, or I'll bust your head for you. Won't have no meddlin' in my business."

Pete advanced with warlike look, and the boy incontinently fled.

CHAPTER III.

TRYING TO TAME A YOUNG VAGABOND.

MADAME LUCON'S severity was not transitory. She was in a chronic ill-humor for some weeks after the events of the annual school picnic.

It might have been dyspepsia, but if it was, the whole school was made to suffer with her. She had discovered in some way that Minnie Ellis was making efforts to find her rescuer. This seemed open contempt of her advice, and she caused the child to feel the weight of her displeasure.

Her severity, however, produced an effect the direct opposite of her intentions. Minnie had been growing discouraged by the result of her inquiries, and was strongly inclined to give up the quest. But there was a vein of obstinacy in her character, and this persecution of her by Madame Lucon, for yielding to her native impulses of gratitude, only strengthened her purpose to find and thank Piscayune Pete.

"How horrid!" she said to one of her confidantes. "Just to think of her telling us to be good and virtuous and grateful; but it ain't good in her eyes to be grateful to a boy with a ragged coat and bare feet!"

"But he was such a dirty boy, Minnie; and all in tatters."

"I don't care. I threw stones at his cork, and he jumped overboard and saved my life. I don't believe any of your nice-dressed boys would have done it."

"And, just to think of the old ogress!" "Now, don't call her that, Minnie."

"I will. That's just what she is. And a tyrant, too."

"Dash! Somebody may hear you, and report."

"I don't care. I'll find Pete; and I don't mind if he is dirty, and bad, and quarrelsome. And I don't care what Madame Lucon thinks."

She broke angrily from the room, incensed against her lukewarm confidantes.

The madame took occasion to chide her that day in class for some lack of proficiency in her lessons.

"I did try hard to study it," said Minnie. "I thought I knew it."

"You are not giving your lessons that attention from which alone proficiency can come," said madame. "You suffer your mind to stray into unwarranted paths."

"No, indeed, madame," cried Minnie. "Auntie can tell you that I do study. And she heard me, too, and said I knew it."

"Which you evidently did not," said the severe teacher. "Ever since you have allowed your mind to dwell on that untidy and disrespectful boy the same thing has been occurring. I had hoped you would take my advice."

"I did know it. Indeed I did," answered Minnie, almost in tears. "I answered every word correctly to you."

"Is this repetition a species of rebellion, Miss Ellis?" asked the austere madame. "You will take your seat and properly study that lesson. I shall be the judge as to whether you have a correct knowledge of it or not."

Minnie retired, biting her lip to repress the sharp words that rose in her mind, and striving as strongly to restrain the tears that moistened her eyes.

She was unable to study, and was sent home that afternoon with a cypher for the day's record of progress.

But she was more than ever determined to find Pete.

For several days more her explorations continued, being confined to that brief space between school dismissal and supper-time.

Toledo was then a small place, of only a few thousand inhabitants, but the erratic boy seemed purposely to avoid her.

It was during the afternoon of a Saturday, when the weekly holiday freed her from school, and her aunt's permission started her on an expedition to the woods in search of Mayflowers, that she at length came upon the object of her quest.

He was stretched flat on his back on a green, woodland knoll, playing with a little cur of a dog as unpulsed and independent-looking as himself.

"I have been so wanting to see you," she cried, running up to him with a burst of childish confidence, "and to thank you again and again for saving me from drowning."

Pete honored this impulsive speech by rising on one elbow, while the cur sat on his haunches and looked her doubtfully in the face.

"You've been waitin' that, hey?" he asked. "You know you were ever so kind," she said, "and I could not be easy till I thanked you."

"Oh, you couldn't be easy," said Pete, sarcastically. "And it's jist three weeks yesterday. I must be as uneasy as all blazes."

"But I could not find you," she continued, bending over him in her eagerness. "I've asked the boys everywhere, and no one could tell me where to find you!"

"Oh! you axed the boys?" said Pete, with redoubled sarcasm. "And you told them that gutter-snipe Billy Devine, that you was a rich gal, and you was a-goin' to pay me for jerkin' you out of the Maumee."

"I am not rich," she replied, with a shade of disappointment in her tone; "and I did not tell him so. But Madame Lucon will see that you are rewarded."

"Who's she?" asked Pete, rising to a sitting posture. "The dog became more erect, and looked up with a severe expression into Minnie's face."

"She's our teacher, you know. She keeps the Select School for Young Ladies, where I go to school."

Minnie's tone was slightly satirical. "Oh, that's what she is, hey? Well, jist tell your teacher with the High Dutch name that Piscayune Pete ain't on the make. She kin keep her money in buy sour-kroot. When I pulls catfish out of the water I'll take tin for 'em. But when I fish out gals they ain't fur sale. How's that, Nicodemus?"

The dog gave a sharp bark that made Minnie start back in dismay. "Bless you, gal, don't git skeered. Nicodemus wouldn't hurt you fur a bunch of peashoots. He's been brung up pious and respectable and he knows when he's in a good company."

"Where did you ever get such a name for a dog?" "I dunno. Picked it up one Sunday they worried me into Sunday-school. Never got sold that way but once, you bet."

"Oh, Pete!" cried the horrified child. "You do not know how good a place Sunday-school is, I am sure, or you would not talk so. You should go. Indeed you should."

"In this rig?" asked Pete, looking down disdainfully at his ragged suit. "But those are not your Sunday clothes!" she asked, doubtfully.

"They ain't, hey? I'd like to know where t'other ones are!" said Pete. "He had now risen, with a growing sense of politeness, and was leaning lazily against a tree-trunk."

"But will not your father or mother find you better clothes than those?" she asked, a disdain of his dress equal to his own involuntarily showing itself on her face.

"Never had no father nor mother, as I knows on," said Pete. "and old Meg, as I live with, would see me blowed fast."

"Oh, dear, that's too bad!" said Minnie, in startled pity. "No one to care for you. And always living among bad people, and learning nothing good. I am so sorry for you."

"What fur, I'd like to know?" asked Pete, sturdily. "I'd like to see the feller that got a better time than the Piscayunes. Well, I s'pect it's Nicodemus. Me and Nick kin git along."

"But you never went to school; and you do talk so queer, Madame Lucon would be horrified. I suppose you cannot even read and write."

"Old High Dutch wouldn't like my kind of talk, hey?" asked Pete. "No," said Minnie. "And then you are so quarrelsome. Just think. All the boys told me that you fought with them. Now is that right? And you hurt them all, too."

"They told you that?" asked Pete, angrily. "Yes; and then you live such a life. You don't work any. And you don't study. And you get your clothes sordid. And you don't even care to keep your hands and face clean. I do wish you would try and do better and be better. I know you have a good heart, and I like you, and I hope you will try and be a better boy."

"What's your name, gal?" asked Pete. "Minnie Ellis."

"Minnie's Piscayune Pete. I ain't been brung up like you have, gal. I've been kicked, and I've made out of my white clay, and I'm made out of swamp mud. So we'll jist split each other if we try to mix—ain't that so, Nicodemus?"

The dog answered with a long, dismal howl. "And, there's another thing, gal. You'd like to come the Sunday-school dodge on me. I ain't takin' none of that. S'pose I have got to go home, it's none of your business. 'Cause I fished you out the Maumee you're goin' to come the pious on me, hey? It won't go down, gal. Can't catch Piscayune Pete about dookin' you hear all that, gal?"

"Yes," said Minnie, shrinking from the boy, whose face showed gathering anger. "For his fellows that buzz to you 'bout me lickin' them, I'll give them something to buzz about. If I don't carry them down it's a caution to lame ducks. You're a nice little gal, you are, and I ain't got nothing ag'in you, but you got to come out camp-meeting game on me. I kin outroll, outstride, outdive, outswim, outclimb, and outbottle all Ohio, and a slice of Indiana to boot, and I ain't sellin' out to little gals, you bet. Come, Nicodemus!"

Whistling defiantly Pete walked away deeper into the woods. The dog greeted Minnie with one reproachful look, and then followed at his master's heels.

She stood stupefied with surprise at the result of her missionary effort. The thought had lurked somewhere, deep within her mind, that if she could but find Pete she might be enabled to make a good boy of him.

The signal failure of her attempt pained and discouraged her.

She walked homeward utterly disheartened. She had met a class of mind that had nothing like it in her limited experience, and she looked upon Pete as a being of a new, and not very enticing species.

She had evidently taken the wrong course with him. All his life men had been driving and berating him. He had grown shrewd and suspicious. He could not be cured of his faults by being told of them.

Minnie walked home much debated with herself, yet determined not to give up her effort to aid Pete, and to try and make a better boy of him. She was wise enough to feel instinctively that she had somewhat spoiled a wrong method with him.

Meanwhile Pete went surlily homeward, angry with himself, and angry with his new acquaintance. He felt that he had acted very rudely. She had only asked to thank him, and expressed interest in him. He had behaved worse than his dog would have done to the petting hand of a stranger. But he had felt the shame of her scorn, and he was a gal, anyhow, and he wanted nothing to do with gals.

So ran the current of thought in Pete's mind. The strange point in it was that his ordinary manner now struck him as rudeness. Minnie Ellis had certainly interested him.

On entering the city he perceived two persons in the street before him. They were busily conversing and did not notice his approach.

He honored them with as little notice, and was just behind them, walking at a speed that would soon take him past them, when he saw a stranger, a hearing one in his mind—Minnie Ellis.

A slight exclamation, masked by an affected cough, arrested his surprise.

One of the men looked sharply round. Pete caught a glimpse of a face known to him, a face with a sinister history in his mind.

The boy passed on with affected indifference, making a partial effort to catch the other face; but it was turned away from him.

The man expressed their conversation while he was within hearing, a fact significant to his mind, trained as he had been in suspicion.

(To be continued.)



"I asked the boys everywhere, and no one could tell where to find you."

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Diego el Cajo obeyed, though just how probably puzzled him. He felt an iron grasp upon his shoulder, then a stunning shock as he fell upon his back over a dozen feet from the doorpost.

"If he makes any fuss, some of you fellows get set on him," coolly remarked Dandy as Diego sat up and gazed the dust out of his eyes.

"Better mind, Dave," warningly uttered Corn-cracker. "If the cuss is in there, he's guessed what we're after. 'I'll take you on the jump if he's got strength enough to pull trigger."

The caution was not needed. Dandy Dave had served his time as sheriff of a river county in Arkansas, and was thoroughly "up to snuff." Cocking a revolver, he drove the frail door open with his foot. Only pausing to take one glance into the room, he crouched low down, then leaped forward like a panther.

His suspicions were correct. Black Pepper was within, and fully upon the alert. As the door opened, he raised his revolver to where a man's breast would naturally appear, and had Dandy Dave attempted to enter in the usual manner, he would have fallen upon the very threshold. Black Pepper lowered his pistol, and fired, but the bullet buried itself in the floor behind Dave.

The next instant he was upon his feet, his pistol covering the outlaw.

"Surrender—drop your weapon or I'll bore you through quicker'n a wink!" he hissed, in a deadly tone.

"Surrender be damned!" snarled Black Pepper, cocking his pistol.

Dandy Dave fired with lightning quickness, his bullet shattering the desperado's dignity and scattering the revolver from his grasp. Black Pepper attempted to seize the weapon in his left hand, but the minor was upon him bearing down with a force his weakened frame could not withstand. Dandy called aloud:

"One of you fellows fetch a trail-ropo—rest o' ye stay that an' keep the grossers from comin' too close."

Sugar-lips speedily appeared, and under Dandy Dave's directions securely bound the desperado, despite his furious struggles.

"That!" exclaimed Dandy, in a tone of satisfaction, as he wiped his brow. "Just as neat a job as a feller need want. 'Ere, hand me that rope, will you? I wouldn't 'a' spilled your hand for ye. Cut a bit from that hide yender, Sugar-lips; he's bleedin' like a stuck hog, an' won't be no better'n a dough-bat 'fore he's ready for that hangin' match, ef 'tain't stopped."

The tough hide thong was tied tightly around Black Pepper's wrist and hand, and he was enveloped in a portion of his shirt. Then bidding Sugar-lips watch him, Dave stepped to the door. A quick glance showed him the state of affairs. The pistol-shots had fully aroused the Mexicans, who, though taking care to keep at a respectful distance, were still to be seen bustling around, weapons in hand, as though preparing for an attack.

"They mean business, those," grimly observed Corn-cracker.

"We know how to give it to 'em, I reckon. I want you to come along, George. We've got to give a know, somehow. 'Won't do to try ridin' double out o' this hole; we'll need all the hands we've got, you hear me?"

As he spoke, he rode to where the fat Mexican still squatted, and jerked him to his feet, giving him a vigorous shake by way of restoring his scattered senses.

"I'm monstrous sorry to trouble ye, old man," he said, his words in ludicrous contrast with his actions. "Nebbs, you think it's 'posin' on good nature, but I'm a feller that can't stand a feller that's a hoss—I know you've got plenty in the corral yender. I wouldn't ax it, but I know you'll be delighted to 'commode' a old friend like me."

Between the two, the fat Mexican, who, though taking care to keep at a respectful distance, were still to be seen bustling around, weapons in hand, as though preparing for an attack.

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bank of the swiftly-flowing stream, where he was speedily joined by Little Opper.

"'Tain't no use, 'taint no use," growled the dwarf; "the devil himself couldn't git a purchase on her. She's that blind drunk she wouldn't hev sense to turn over ef you was to set her into a pot o' bilin' soap-fat!"

"It don't matter much. I kin guess pretty nigh whar she is, an' that point settled, 'tain't hard to tell whar we need to look for Dick. Ketch hold o' one end o' this, 'till I'll drap it in from the bridge, then they won't be no sign left to tell the sneaks whar to look for it."

The treasure chest was carried to the bridge and balanced upon the edge. Then, with one quick glance around to make sure no prying eyes were watching them, the iron box, with its precious golden freight, plunged swiftly down into the foaming water.

"It'll be safe enough thar ontel we come back," said Big George, with a sigh of relief. "Now let's git out o' yere. 'Taint no use standin' 'ere ontel I'm whar that's room to swing myself 'round in."

"I'll go," wherever you say, or as fur's I kin. My legs feel like lumps o' lead, an' my feet's a-sore'n blazes," replied the dwarf.

"We'll git our critters the fust thing, I reckon you kin hold out ontel then. After that we'll strike for the Old Mission. We'll find her thar—an' like enough Dick, too."

"An' after that?"

"We'll know better when the time comes," briefly replied Big George, leading the way over the defenses and out into the valley.

As the shortest cut to the spot where they had left their animals, the brothers abandoned the valley trail, striking over the hills, in an easterly direction. Neither of them ever knew how narrowly they escaped meeting the head of returning vigilantes. Ten minutes later and they could not have escaped a meeting that could only have resulted in their being strangled.

Fully two hours were spent in finding and securing their horses, then the brothers headed for the Old Mission, riding recklessly in their haste to reach there.

The giant's reflections were not pleasant ones. During the past few days everything had been working against him. His best laid plans had miscarried, when failed seemed impossible. Black Pepper was severely, if not mortally, wounded; Red Pepper was missing. Then came the quarrel with Clara and Leon, and now, as it now appeared, Pepper-pot, Little wonder, then, with all these thoughts to trouble him, that Big George reached the Mission in a dangerous state of mind.

"They're here—yender's Leon an' a lot more o' the men," cried the dwarf, as the old building was sighted.

The recognition was mutual, but the reception of the brothers was anything but a gratifying one. Of nearly thirty men grouped upon the grassy sward before the Mission, not one was a friend. One ugly scowl, while every hand held a weapon with the resolute grip that plainly revealed their will to fight.

Big George saw this, and the insolent words which were upon his lips were changed for a more diplomatic salutation.

"The queen is within, Leon? Go tell her that I wish to speak a few words with her."

"I carry messages for no man, Senor Pepper," bluntly replied the Mexican. "And for only one woman."

Big George grasped his revolver, but a low, growling sound caused him to pause. The entire party was now upon him, hands reaching for his weapons threateningly. Knowing that a single rash act might result in his own death, he bade Little Pepper follow, and rode up to the open door, the two down his rage as best he could.

"Wait here, E. H.," he said, in a distinct voice. "If any one crowds you too close give them a leaden hint to stand back. I'll be gone long and I don't reckon I'm the kind o' a critter they like to crowd over my much," grinned the dwarf, shifting the bridle to his left hand and displaying a wicked smile.

Big George entered the building without more words. Though quite an extensive structure, the house was only one story in height, and consequently not difficult to search. He found what he was looking for, and he was not alone. He had been found by Clara, if not his brother, there. As a last hope, he looked into a tiny alcove, barely large enough to contain one person, but started back with a little to his right, for he saw a face horribly distorted, its garments torn as by a terrible struggle, its throat bruised and livid. The head of an old woman, and she had been choked to death.

As he retreated to the door, he was met by Little Pepper and Leon, the Mexican.

"You have taken the old Jacinth, I mean," said the latter, in an uneasy tone.

"Who murdered her—what has been going on here?" asked the dwarf, as the two men looked at him sternly demanded Big George. "Where is Clara?"

"You know as much as any of us. The queen came here last night, so Manuel says. She bade him light the signal for the men to be ready, and that there was work for us to do. We obeyed, but can find nothing of her. Manuel says he carried a woman down to the hole in the ground, and looked her in. We listened at the door, but we didn't hear. Nor can we find the key. Jacinth always carried it."

"A woman—what woman?"

"One he carried off from Blue Earth, night before last. He let that much slip out, but when I questioned him about her, he would not speak further."

"Show me this hole!" cried Big George, his eyes glowing with a startling suspicion. "Make haste!"

Leon only waited long enough to light a torch from a pile of pitch knots in one corner, then led the way down the steps, pausing before the iron-bound door, striking with one hand he turned to the brothers, saying:

"Manuel says he put her in this cell."

"Help! friends!" suddenly came a voice from beyond the barrier, as they recognized, despite its muffled sound, "Break down the door and avenge, if you are too late to rescue me!"

"Yes—there is a man in here."

"Wuss'n a man—I'm a devil!" shrilly laughed Woodpecker. "Come on in, Big George—do come in! I've rubbed out one of your boys' brains, pepper-pot—an' I'm etchin' to send you a'ter him."

"For the love of God! help us!" added a faint voice. "As you hope for glory hereafter, do not desert me!"

"Estelle!" gasped the giant, staggered by this second discovery. "Quick, men—got axes, crow-bars—anything with which we can batter down this accursed door!"

"Work fast as you will, you won't be in time. Big George," coolly added Woodpecker. "They'll be a nice picnic in yere fer us on. You know what they did to my pard, Saltpepper? He did it, an' I'm going to serve her the same way—rub her out one of your boys' brains, pepper-pot—an' I'm etchin' to send you a'ter him."

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THE COQUETTE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I come from haunts where fashion grows,
I make my maiden sally,
I sparkle in among the beaux
Who all around me rally.
To every rout I hurry down,
For only there my heart is
To every kettle drum in town
And half a hundred parties.
I fly to each reception, too,
And sail on fashion a river,
For men may come and men may sue,
But I go on forever.
I chatter over silly things,
As airy as a feather,
I idle and shift my finger-rings,
I babble of the weather;
With word or frown the heart I fret
Of many a simple fellow,
And all for sport I spread my net
For young men soft and mellow.
In chatter, chatter my words flow
On fashion a whirling river,
For men may come and men may sue,
But I go on forever.
I sing, I laugh, I sigh, I scold
Among the glittering mazes,
And many eyes I draw and hold
With many moods and phases.
I yawn, I smirk, I fan and smirk,
Just as my fancy pleases,
With here and there a silvery clerk
And here a golden Cressus.
I draw them all along—the beau
Who's cold, the beau who's clever,
For men may come and men may sue,
But I go on forever.
I laugh to scorn, or thrill with glee
The crowd that round me hovers,
The maids would long to rivals be—
The men be happy lovers.
I scoff, I praise, I gloom, I glance
Upon those hapless fellows,
And through the dance I gayly prance
With light foot like the swallows.
Men murmur how they do adore,
And crave the smile that blesses;
I dash their hopes into the floor
With one toss of my tresses.
Thus I beguile the flattering crew;
Then cause their hearts to shiver,
For men may plead and men may sue,
But I'll not wed forever!

Great Captains.

THE IRON DUKE,
The Conqueror of Napoleon.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, "the Iron Duke," the
"Hero of a Hundred Battles," ranks in history
as one of the most illustrious captains of ancient
or modern times.

Great as are the names of his soldiers, won on
battle-fields that gave to England her prestige
and glory, above them all, in the esteem of all
classes, stands that of Wellington.

And justly so, for the record he made through
a life of field service that witnessed his steady
progress from an ensign to commander-in-
chief, was scarcely marred by a defeat, while
the crowning act of overcoming Napoleon, at
Waterloo, by the exercise of all the qualities
that make soldiers great, gave to English arms
and English prowess a glory that time will never
dim.

In his career we read again the lesson that he
had so many exemplifications in eminent men's
lives—namely, that devotion to duty and pa-
tience in the pursuit of an object are sure to
effect great results; and it is well for American
youth, so impatient of restraint and eager to
obtain quick advancement, to take to heart the
moral which Wellington's career presents.

Arthur Wesley was third son of the Earl of
Mornington, of the county of Meath, Ireland.
He was born at Dangan Castle in 1769, was edu-
cated at Eton college, but before he was twenty
he was in the army as ensign, soon to be
advanced to a lieutenancy and finally to a cap-
taincy, in 1791. Two years later he was made
major, but had as yet seen no actual service.

After a session in the Irish Parliament, and
acting as aide to the Lord Lieutenant, he went
on his first active service, to the Netherlands,
as lieutenant-colonel of the 33d regiment—after-
ward to become so noted under his command.
He was made colonel of this regiment in 1797,
when he assumed the name of Wellesley, in
deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the
Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley).
The regiment was then ordered to India, and
there Arthur's career may be said to have com-
menced. In 1798 his brother, the marquis, ar-
rived in India as Governor-General. It was a
most critical time for the British supremacy in the
East. Napoleon, then in Egypt, was in com-
munication with Tipu Sah, Sultan of Mysore,
with the design of expelling the English from
India. The French intrigues made it necessary
for Wellesley to act promptly and severely.
The British army marched, under General Har-
ris, into Mysore, accompanied by a strong na-
tive contingent—of which Colonel Arthur Wel-
lesley had command. A brilliant and decisive
battle at Malley followed, Tipu being de-
feated. Then the great city of Seringapatam
was besieged and taken by storm—the Sultan
being among the slain.

In this, his first campaign, the colonel proved
his good qualities. The fighting was keen, and
the generalship on both sides admirable. Sir
Arthur was made Major-General and Governor
of the captured city and province (1799), and as
such added measurably to his reputation in
council-chamber and field.

In 1803 the great battle of Assaye was fought.
With only eight thousand men Wellesley met,
and, after a fierce combat, defeated the Indian
army of thirty thousand under Scindiah and the
Rajah of Berar, taking ninety pieces of fine ar-
tillery. This was rapidly succeeded by the siege
and capture of several of the Indian strongly-
fortified towns, and the French called the "Mar-
ratta War" was ended by treaties with the Ra-
jah and Scindiah that reduced them to the tri-
butary of Great Britain.

He was voted a sword valued at a thousand
pounds by the British citizens in Calcutta—re-
ceived addresses, ovations and a most elegant
service of plate, at Bombay, and held brilliant
receptions at Madras and Seringapatam. Par-
liament voted him thanks, etc., etc. The war
ended, he resigned his honorable offices and re-
turned to England in 1805—to enter upon that
opposition to Napoleon and revolutionary France
which was to end in the great usurper's over-
throw.

Sir Arthur now served in Parliament, mar-
ried, was chief secretary of Ireland, etc., etc.,
but went in the expedition against Copenhagen
(1807)—where he routed the Danes. In 1808 he
was made lieutenant-general, and given com-
mand of the army to drive the French out of
Spain and Portugal, but, in the very midst of
a campaign against Junot he outranked Sir
Harry Burrard, and a terrible illness was made
of the whole affair. Instead of Junot being de-
stroyed an "arrangement" was made, whereby
he and all his army were actually sent, in En-
glish transports, to a French port!

This ultimately resulted in giving Sir Arthur
supreme command in Portugal. Marshal Soult
was then in Oporto. Thither Wellesley march-
ed, threw his forces suddenly over the swift
Douro and obtained a prime position in the face
of Soult's guns. Soult fled, to avoid the combi-
nations against him. Then Wellesley turned
against Marshal Victor, coming in from Spain to
help Soult; but Victor retired. Wellesley then
marched to a junction with the Spanish forces,
joined to drive the French from Spain. The
junction was made, and the battle of Talavera
fought, almost wholly by the English, as the
Spaniards would not act under an Englishman's

orders, even though he came to save them. So
Wellesley, with twenty-two thousand English
and Portuguese, found himself face to face with
fifty thousand French—all veterans, under
Joseph Buonaparte and Marshals Victor and
Jourdain. The conflict was one of skill and tena-
cious courage. The French were defeated—
wholly through Wellesley's superb mastery.
These brilliant successes and admirable general-
ship awakened enthusiasm at home. The suc-
cessful captain was created Baron Douro of Wel-
lesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera.
Additional troops were sent him, and the eyes of
Europe were directed toward his movements.

These defeats constrained Napoleon to concen-
trate his corps against a general whose true
character he now began to understand. These
combined forces came in upon Wellesley—now
Wellington—who, finding his Spanish allies of
small value, retired into Portugal. There, ad-
mirably sustained by the intelligent and brave
Portuguese, he threw up, with amazing rapidity,
a double line of entrenched positions along the
Torres Vedras, to protect Lisbon—the outer line
twenty-nine miles long, and the inner twenty-
four miles—a stupendous series of fortifica-
tions. Marshal Massena, after important successes,
came down upon these works with seventy thou-
sand men under Ney, Junot and Regnier, but
was so roughly received that he had to make a
sullen retreat. Wellington at once became the
assault.

The recovery of Spain was now his purpose—
a gigantic undertaking, seeing that four full
army corps were available against his meager
divisions. He laid siege to Almeida and Badajoz.
Massena refused to be had; so, as soon as
a severe struggle at Almeda was over, he was
forced to retreat. Then Massena was recalled;
Napoleon could not afford such ill-success. Mar-
shal Marmont, with Soult's help, was ordered to
drive Wellington from Spain, and if possible to
destroy his army utterly.

These movements once more put the English
general on the defensive. He retired from be-
fore Badajoz to a strong position within the
Portuguese frontier. The French now had to
separate. The country could not sustain such an
army, and supplies could not be had; so, as soon
as they had retired from their advance, Wel-
lington pushed into Spain again. By the middle
of September, 1811, his operations against Cui-
dad Rodrigo were so menacing that Marmont
hastened there with sixty thousand men, and
Wellington slipped away over the Cordoba moun-
tains now awaited reinforcements to push his
antagonist back upon Lisbon; but Wellington's
activity cut those reinforcements to pieces, and
with quick audacity he rumbled down upon Cui-
dad Rodrigo again. He moved up the river Gu-
adalupe, and on the 19th (1812) carried it by storm. Four
days before Marmont could come up from
Salamanca, whither he had been compelled to
retire.

Giving Rodrigo into Spanish keeping, he sud-
denly enveloped before Badajoz (March 16th),
in twenty days had possession of that great for-
tress, after two bloody repulses (April 6th, 1812).
These two magnificent successes were won at
heavy loss of life, but effected the purpose of
forcing the French back upon their main posi-
tions.

Then ensued a movement on Salamanca—
Marmont's headquarters—and the two armies
were face to face before the famous old city.
The generals maneuvered incessantly. Well-
ington was wily, because much weaker than Mar-
mont. To pass between Wellington and Ciudad
Rodrigo, the French moved around the English
right. News of this movement was brought to
Wellington when he was at dinner. He sprung
up from his seat so suddenly that he nearly fell.
"Marmont's good genius has forsaken him!"
exclaimed the general, and, mounting his horse,
he ordered the whole strength of his army to
be thrown upon the now weakened point. He
literally doubled up their right on their left.
The French were defeated after a day's fight.
He knew it, and only night saved Marmont's whole
army from destruction or capture. (July 21st,
1812).

This tremendous reverse was followed by pur-
suit. The French abandoned Valladolid, where-
upon Wellington suddenly re-crossed the Douro
and made a rush on Madrid. It was soon in his
hands! An attempt was made on Burgos Castle
—an old but powerful work, which held out un-
til Soult and Clausel could push to its relief.
When the English retired, Wellington, finding
himself too weak to hold Madrid, fell back, re-
turning upon Ciudad Rodrigo. That ended the very re-
markable campaign of 1812, in the Peninsula.
Wellington was the hero of the day, at home.
The Prince Regent made him a marquis; Par-
liament unanimously voted him the sum of five
hundred thousand pounds, with which to pur-
chase an estate worthy of his peerage. In
Portugal he already had been made Count of
Vineira and Marquis of Torres Vedras, while
the Prince of Brazil made him Duke of Vittoria.
Honors enough, certainly, for one person to
wear; but they did not, for a moment, turn Wel-
lington from his path of duty. His work was
but half done.

In May, 1813, he was again after the French.
Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Jourdain had
seventy thousand men, and Wellington, the En-
glish general, now with eighty thousand men, forced
them from the Douro lines of defenses, by turn-
ing them; they retreated, much confused by
Wellington's numerous and surprising move-
ments. Burgos Castle was again abandoned,
expecting to retire to impenetrable posi-
tions over the river Ebro, but Wellington was
there already!

Thus baffled, the French had to run or fight.
Resolved to fight, they went into position near
Vitoria. A brilliant battle ensued. Wellington
skillfully managed that the French were beaten
at every point. Then Vittoria was defended,
with desperate tenacity, but to stay there was
to lose all; so Joseph and his marshal retreated
by the only open route to the French frontier,
to be closely pursued by their relentless antago-
nist.

Old Soult, with Napoleon in his awful
straits in Germany, was sent to Spain to try
and stay the British advances, which now
threatened France itself. Wellington was ap-
pointed Field Marshal, July 31st. He made
him no more ardent in the pursuit, but gave the
French a double assurance that the English
meant hot work; and hot work Soult found it.
The French, again defeated, (July 28th), retired
into France. Aug. 2d Wellington occupied the
passes in the Pyrenees, after some very sharp
fighting. San Sebastian was taken Aug. 31st,
and severe contests occurred at two other
points. The castle of San Sebastian capitulated
Sept. 8th. The storming of that fortress was
one of appalling heroism and sacrifice. Napier's
picture of the struggle is one of the finest of all
his brilliant record of those splendid campaigns
of the Iron Duke.

Wellington entered France Oct. 7th, and
Paris was entered Oct. 11th. On Nov. 10th
the whole allied army passed the Nivelle, after
a sanguinary combat. The Nive was crossed
Dec. 7th. Dec. 10th and 13th Soult attacked,
but was defeated. Wellington pressed on—
passed the Adour and fought the battle of Or-
thez, Dec. 27th.

After which came the restoration—the virtual
dethronement of Napoleon, and the instation of
the Bourbons. But, Old Soult did not give up—
so the terrible battle of Toulouse was fought
April 10th, 1814, and the most devoted of Na-
poleon's generals was defeated.
And that ended the struggle. Wellington had
fought his way through from Lisbon to the Gar-
onne, and the disasters he forced upon the
French arms, added to Napoleon's enforced re-
treat from Moscow, ended the emperor's reign,
and sent him an exile to Elba.

Wellington's return to England, after his five
years' absence, was an event whose incidents it
is quite impossible to here narrate. Such marks
of respect paid and such enthusiasm of all classes
never before were bestowed upon any English-
man. He was advanced to the peerage as Mar-
quis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, and in
June Parliament voted him a grant of four hun-
dred thousand pounds, in addition to his pre-
vious grants! What princely recognition of an
acceptable resource!

He went as ambassador to Paris, and to Vien-
na as Plenipotentiary to the Congress of the Al-
lied Powers to reorganize for the peace of Eu-
rope. While that Congress was in session news
came of Napoleon's sudden reappearance in
France—of the old army flocking to his standard
—of the flight of the king to Ghent, etc. The
Congress at once passed a declaration of outlaw-
ry against Napoleon, and elected Wellington Com-
mander-in-chief of the Allied army. In April
(1815) the Duke was in Brussels, organizing for
the impending conflict. Napoleon, confident of
a victory that would crush his most dangerous
antagonist, let him gather his army unopposed.
It was now forty thousand English and
Hanoverians and thirty-six thousand German
and Belgians. An additional army of eighty
thousand Prussians was gathered at Namur un-
der old Blucher. Napoleon had about one hun-
dred and twenty thousand—mostly veterans.

Blucher began his move to join Wellington,
when Napoleon confronted him, June 16th, at
Ligny, and broke his lines, but the "old Dutch-
man" retreated in good order to Wavre. On the
same day Ney attacked Wellington at Quatre
bras, but failed to carry his position.
Then Wellington, hearing of Blucher's retro-
grade, moved backward to a position facing the
village of Waterloo.

Leaving a corps to watch Blucher, Napoleon
turned his personal attention upon Wellington
on an impetuous attack, about noon of
June 18th. This and succeeding attacks were
withstood, and the central position of Well-
ington, at Hougomont, was held firmly. The
French fire of artillery was of terrible severity,
and by their solid column assaults they con-
fined the English to the narrow front of the
Hougomont. Wellington's ranks were broken.
Once those compact squares were broken, the
French cavalry, and the famous Old Guard in
reserve, would make the break a rout and a victory.

But the English and Germans were a very
old of adamant; they never wavered. The
Hanoverians lost their position about seven o'-
clock, just as Blucher's guns were heard in the
distance. Napoleon must strike then his heaviest
blow or all was lost. Calling up the Old
Guard, he sent it in to turn Wellington's right
center. The charge was magnificently made,
but, like every other charge, was unable to break
the living wall.

The Guard became confused and demoralized
by the dreadful carnage. This was Wellington's
opportunity. He advanced his army, and his
line, in solid columns, sweeping everything be-
fore him. Napoleon's line was struck, broken,
and the day was lost to the "Man of Destiny."
—his star had gone down forever. Blucher
coming up at this moment, was given the pur-
suit, that only ended in the quick disbandment
of the whole French army.

Wellington's second return was one grand
ovation. King and Parliament could bestow no
more honors on him. Parliament, however,
gave two hundred thousand pounds more for
purchasing another estate. To Wellington's af-
fairs as statesman and member of the vari-
ous ministries were not here advert. He was
honesty itself—a cool, clear-headed, right-mind-
ed man, and ever maintained an influence in
Parliament and Cabinet that may well be char-
acterized as supreme. He, however, was very
careful in using that influence.

He died in 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's
cathedral, near the remains of the illustrious
Admiral Horatio Nelson, who added such glory
to England's name. He was buried in the same
grave as the two great captains together, with a
cathedral for their tomb.

How She Came to Have Him.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are
sure you won't marry me?"
Pretty little Mrs. Willard looked medita-
tively out of the window into the quiet village
street, as if among the leafless trees and on the
first-born landscape she should find the answer
to Horace Levison's question.

Then, after a moment, she turned her face to-
ward him—a face as fresh and fair in its peachy
bloom as many a young girl's ten years her ju-
nior.

"I—I am afraid I can't, Mr. Levison,"
Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright
blue eyes, so lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet,
and the color of a violet that has bloomed in
the shade.

"You are afraid—I you can't, Mrs. Wil-
lard? Answer me another question—yes—or no—
do you love me?"

She blushed and smiled, and looked bewitch-
ingly.

"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course
I do—like you! I always did, ever since I first
knew you, years and years ago."

Then Willard won the prize all we fel-
lows have to strive for, she said, slowly, "but"
Nellie, and you like me now? Then why won't
you marry me? You've been a widow for three
years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn
the virtues of the departed?"

"You wicked man! As if three hundred
years could ever teach me to forget poor dear
Wilson."

Her bright eyes reproved him sharply, and he
accepted with good grace.

Granting the truth, Nellie, that a loving
husband and fellow as good as a wife, and a
partner, I still cannot see why you refuse me.
That is the subject under consideration at pre-
sent, Nellie! Why won't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler,
and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because Harry, because Wilson Willard
made me promise never to marry again."

"Stuff and nonsense! What if he did? A bad
promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and
looked at the luminous field of the stone.

"I know," she said, slowly, "but"

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.

"Yes—but what, Nellie? In all respect I
say it—poor Will is dead and gone, and you've
been true to his memory all these long years,
and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said again, meditatively, "but"
—but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise
never to marry again under penalty of his ever-
lasting displeasure. And—don't be angry with
me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he
would appear to me."

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous
appeal to his, and the pretty little widow
made such a nervous little nestling nearer to
him, that it was the most human thing in the
world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protect-
ingly around her and assure her he was not angry
with her.

"So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie,
if you broke your promise? A sensible little
woman like you to veritably believe in such super-
stitious fol-de-rol! And after having waited for
you ten years of your married life, and three
years of your widowhood, you condemn me to
hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for
the sake of such a shadow as your husband's
ghost!"

Nellie looked imploringly at him again,
and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in
great crystals on her long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are! You know
I love you better than all the world, only—
I dare not marry again! Don't be angry—
please don't be angry with me!"

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely
face, and assured her he never could be angry
with her, and then went away, heaping silent
maledictions on the head of the defunct husband
who had been tyrant enough to burden his
lovely young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden
and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue-gray sky
when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy
sitting-room, at home, to be met by the laugh-
ing face and gay welcome of a young gentle-
man who had evidently been making himself at
home while he waited.

"Hello, Levison! Surprised to see me? How
are you, old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him
warmly.

"Fred Willard! Where, in the name of good-
ness, did you spring from? Why, I thought
you were not to sail from England for a good
six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad to
see you, although, for the instant, I confess I
was started—you are the living image of your
brother Wilson. We've been discussing ghosts,
you know."

Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously,
as he interrupted irreverently.

"We're good, I say. You mean my pretty
little sister-in-law, of course? I know she re-
ligiously believes in 'em. I know I am im-
patient to see her—for the first time since Will's
funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at
the embers glowing, like melted rubies, behind
the silver bars of the grate; now he turned sud-
denly to Fred, and laid his hand persuasively
on his shoulder.

"See here, Fred; you are a friend of mine,
and I am about to put your friendship to the
test. I want you to do me a very great favor,
will you?"

Fred laughed.

"Will it of course I will. What's up?"

And Mr. Levison turned the keys of the
doors, and the consultation lasted until the house-
keeper rung the dinner-bell.

Five hours later the moon was just creeping
over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood
of silver-gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs.
Willard, with a fleecy white zephyr shawl and
her crepe brown hair, was standing at the
kitchen door, on her return from a tour of in-
spection to the snug little barn and carriage-
house, which she had personally seen was secure
for the night ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an ole-
ander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air,
and her eyes were glowing like blue fires as she
stood upon one moment in the broad band of
white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like
a silent blessing. Then, with a little involuntary
exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night,
she went in, locked the door after her, for her
three servants were all retired for the night, and
then gave a little shriek, for, standing in the
self-same accustomed place he was wont to oc-
cupy, and looking as natural as if it were him-
self in the flesh, was her husband. She stifled
her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but
her heart was tearing around very undisciplin-
edly, and she realized that she was looking upon a
bona fide ghost—a veritable inhabitant of the
land of eternal shadows.

"Will!" she said, faintly, with her hand tight
on the handle of the door. "Will, is it you?"

"His voice was precisely as it had been in the
old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—
Will's, undeniably, unmistakably."

"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on
purpose to communicate with you."

"Yes, she gasped; but what for? I have
tried to have done everything that I thought
you would wish. There is nothing wrong,
Will?"

The pale, moonlighted face, the speckless black
suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which
he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it
tried to have done everything that I thought
you would wish. There is nothing wrong,
Will?"

"Nothing is wrong with you, Nellie, but with
me. I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong
I unintentionally committed in binding you to
perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to
revoke my decision, to give you my full permis-
sion to marry again, and my advice to marry
Horace Levison. Promise me you will do it,
and I will rest peacefully forever."

"Yes, Will! If you say so—if you think it
best—yes, I will!"

Her face was pale enough now to have passed
for a ghost herself.

"Go look at the big clock in the dining-room,
Nellie, and see if it is near the stroke of twelve."

She went dumbly, mechanically at his behest;
and when she came back, he was gone, and the
moonlight streamed in on an empty room.

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up
to her bedroom, and locked the door, and covered
her head with a shawl, and sobbed and cried
until her over-wrought nerves
found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note
over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in
not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden de-
parture for an indefinite time, and telling her
that her cruel decision never to marry again
had been the cause of it, and that they might
never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed and crimson
with confusion, penciled an answer, assuring
him she had changed her mind, and begging him
to come over to lunch, to see her, and meet her
brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from
abroad.

Of course Mr. Levison came, and it didn't
take two minutes to settle it, nor did he laugh
at her when she solemnly related her experience
of the night before.

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as
I am alive and speaking to you!"

"A jolly old fellow, a thoughtful, pain-
teful spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, we'll
hold him in eternal remembrance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature,
even when he and Nellie and Fred Willard dis-
cussed the marvelously obliging kindness of the
departed.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs.
Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant
was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false
whiskers—nor was there any need she should
know, for her happiness was secured, her con-
science at ease.

Topics of the Time.

—By statistics it is shown that within the limits
of the island of Java every year about three
hundred people are eaten by carnivora, two
hundred by the crocodiles, one hundred killed
by the rhinoceros, five hundred killed by light-
ning, while one hundred die by snake bites, and
a varying number by earthquakes and volcanic
action.

Silver in Nevada was first discovered very
strangely. A woman picked up a stone to
throw at her husband. It was so heavy that she
examined it, and it proved to be a lump of
silver; \$50,000,000 was the result of this to the
country. The women must remember that
there is no silver in this State, so no experi-
ments.

—The Kahn of Khiva is a pleasant person of
about eight-and-twenty, with a merry twinkle
in his eye, very unusual among Orientals. He
dresses richly, and wears a black astrakhan hat
of sugar-loaf shape. He is, upon occasion, hos-
pitable and friendly; but he has vague notions
about the world outside his own dominions. He
asked Capt. Burnaby whether Englishmen and
Germans are of the same nation; and if the
Queen could have a subject's head cut off; and
he uttered the remarkable statement that China
belonged to England.

In spite of the heat of politics and the string-
ency of the times, the South is making pro-
gress in manufacturing and industrial enter-
prise. A new cotton-mill, with 21,500 spindles,
is nearly finished at Atlanta, Ga., and an im-
mense mill at Nashville, Tenn., is employing
an increased number of operatives. The de-
velopment of manufactures in these States is
slow but constant, and the successful operation
of a cotton-mill near New Orleans strengthens
the impression that that city may become an
important manufacturing center. The intelli-
gent planters and farmers of Northern Georgia
and East Tennessee are availing themselves of
Yankee inventive genius, and are introducing
improved farm implements and machinery.
These are the best signs of the times in the
Southern States.

A sturdy countryman named John Dunning
lived with his family in a hut in the wilderness
in Madison county, N. Y. One day lately he
saw a near passing his house, and set out in pur-
suit with a rifle and hunting-knife and his dog.

Night came on and he did not return. The fol-
lowing day passed, and yet he did not return.

His wife, becoming alarmed at his absence, went
to a neighboring settlement and enlisted the
assistance of a couple of men, who plunged into
the wilderness to discover the missing man. Af-
ter a most fatiguing search, lasting several
hours, they came upon the mangled remains of
Dunning and his dog, while near him lay three
dead panthers. Two of them bore marks of
having been shot, while the mother met her
death fighting Dunning, who had plunged his
hunting-knife into her body.

—Thirty-eight years ago the 19th of Novem-
ber a terrible fire broke out at a convent school
for young ladies in the town of Limoges. At
the last moment it was perceived that one of the
pensionnaires had been

